

THE CARE OF THE UNBORN, by Havelock Ellis.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE news of the resignation of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman makes it quite certain that Mr. Asquith will be Premier. His succession is comparable to Amurath upon Henry; and we entertain the gravest doubts of the new spirit at the head of the Government. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman belonged (let us say belongs, since the aroma of his personality must still hang about Downing Street) to the old type of honest politician, a type rare enough in these days, and perhaps growing a little obsolete. Undoubtedly his premiership has been a triumph for moral principle and character, both of which he possessed by nature in a Scots degree. His loss to the Liberal party will be all the greater for the manifest vacuum in personal tone he leaves. Even the accession of Mr. Winston Churchill to Cabinet rank can hardly atone to us for the loss of C.-B.

* * *

While Cabinet changes are being discussed we desire to emphasise the need for an advanced man as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Asquith was emphatically not advanced, despite his differentiation of earned and unearned incomes. In his hands, the Old Age Pension proposals were likely and are likely to prove niggardly; but in the more generous hands of Mr. Lloyd George the prospects for the broken-down aged might become rosier. Other changes must also be made, and we would suggest the retirement of at least three of the Methusalehs in the Cabinet; and—if the Liberal party is not lamentably deficient in men—the translation, in Bottom's sense, of at least two of the younger Ministers. Nobody can pretend that Mr. Gladstone has been a success; and as for Mr. McKenna—what has become of his precious Bill?

* * *

For the rest, however, the resignation of C.-B. could not have come at a happier time. The Government have had an excellent week, and on the whole they are to be congratulated. What conjunction of stars has been in their favour we, not being astrologers, cannot guess. Certain it is that even their enemies who came to scoff remained to praise, and we have had the singular spectacle once or twice this week of a really intelligent suspension of the party system.

* * *

Generally the party system is suspended only on such occasions of hypocrisy as the deaths of indifferent monarchs or statesmen create; but on at least three

occasions this week the system has been suspended on grounds of simple common-sense. The occasions were the readings of the Children's Bill, the Irish University Bill, and the Port of London Bill.

* * *

We have no intention of regarding any of these Bills as of first-rate importance. From the political standpoint doubtless the Irish University Bill is a triumph for the large and tolerant intelligence of Mr. Birrell, the Port of London Bill is a triumph for the organising capacity of Mr. Lloyd George, and the Children's Bill is a triumph for the humanitarians. But none of these measures is of first-rate importance from the standpoint of the economic reformer pure and simple. As our readers know, we Socialists are less political than economic in our intentions. The root problem for us is poverty, involving the problem of the distribution of wealth. All the measures passed by Parliament that have no direct effect upon this problem are for us necessarily second-rate. Thus the three measures which have been mentioned are in our view second-rate, because neither separately nor together will they in their operation produce the slightest effect on the distribution of wealth. As a result of none of them will the poor become richer or the rich poorer. In other words they belong entirely to the region of political reform.

* * *

This does not prevent us, however, from appreciating their value highly. After all, if we are Socialists first, we are human and political second. We congratulate, therefore, Mr. Lloyd George on his excellent Bill for bringing the Port of London under intelligent and co-ordinated control. They tell us that there are canals on Mars so enormous that they belt the planet. What gigantic engineering feats were necessary to such stupendous tasks; and what a degree of social organisation such communal tasks imply. It is true the canals may not be canals at all; but the reflection that other planets may be competing with us in intelligence, and possibly winning, is enough perhaps to stimulate exertions in the pessimistic. At least, the Port of London Bill which establishes an authority for the whole of the Thames, from Teddington downwards, is a step in the direction of organisation. We do not care a bit that the authority is neither directly the State nor directly the Municipality. It is enough for us that it is national. We have never been such collectivist doctrinaires as to demand strict municipalisation or strict nationalisation in every industry. Socialism certainly does not involve any such hard and fast uniformity. So long as the community maintains the right of complete control, we care not if it does so by means of an elected, selected, or volunteer body. We can well believe, in fact, that the organisation of industry under Socialism will prove compatible with dozens of different modes of securing

public control. Collectivism in the strict sense is not the last, though it is the first, word of Socialism.

What strikes us as the weakness of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill is the omission of any proper consideration of the conditions, present and future, of Dock labour. We say proper because the following section of the terms does not appear to us sufficient: "In order to diminish the evils of casual labour which have been so marked in the past in connection with work at the docks, there is a provision requiring the Port Authority to take into consideration the existing methods and conditions of engagement of riverside labour, and to establish or assist in the establishment of offices and registers with a view to the more convenient and regular engagement of those workmen." That clause might be all right if Mr. Lloyd George, with his excellent tact, were to administer it; but in the absence of Mr. Lloyd George from the controlling body constituting the new Port Authority we should prefer a Dockers' representative. As the Board of Trade reserves to itself with the express purpose of "ensuring that the smaller interests shall not be swamped," the nomination of two of the twenty-five members of the Authority, we suggest that one of these two be definitely appointed on behalf of the dockers.

Everybody knows that casual employment is more demoralising than no labour at all. As Mr. Beveridge, in the current "Contemporary," points out, the Dock Companies always had it in their power to reduce casual labour, and did in fact reduce it sixty per cent. after the great Dock strike. But there is far too much left even now to be tolerable; and we should be glad if Mr. Lloyd George could persuade his new Authority to abolish it all together. An Authority equal to the task of managing the greatest port in the world can surely organise its labour on a permanent basis.

We need not dwell on the merits of the Children's Bill read a second time on Wednesday last. The chorus of approval with which it has been received is significant testimony to the realisation in men's minds of the failure of the family system to ensure healthy and well brought up children. Unfortunately we cannot see that anything in the Bill will be of much real value. Pains and penalties are, of course, of some negative effect; but, as Mr. Sumnerbell pointed out, so long as parents are poor, parents will be cruel. With the best will in the world, a parents' empty cupboard often remains an empty cupboard, and the temptation to make money out of the only capital left to such parents—namely, their children—is often too strong to be resisted. Mr. Pomeroy, who adorned our columns last week with Paleolithic opinions, would even defend parents in this. We are afraid there are many Paleoliths alive.

The reception of Mr. Birrell's Irish University Bill was not only with the debate on Home Rule, but more significantly with the reception of Mr. McKenna's Education Bill. Mr. Birrell's proposals, so far as we understand them, involve a frank acceptance of the denominational system in Irish education. From first to last there is no preference accorded to any denomination, nor, on the other hand, is there any penalty attached to undenominationalism. Except the Presbyterians, who are scarcely to be satisfied by anything less than the heads of their enemies on a charger, all sections of the Irish authorities appear to welcome the Bill. Mr. Birrell has, in fact, scored as heavily as Mr. McKenna has failed to score.

The reasons are interesting. In the first place, Mr. Birrell is an incomparably better politician than Mr. McKenna. Like Cæsar's wife, Mr. Birrell is above suspicion of intrigue, deception—and self-deception. No more honest man sits on the benches at Westminster. He may not be, and he is not, a statesman in the ordinary sense of the word. He has absolutely no ambition except to do his level best. He is self-deprecatory, humorously shrewd, and an immense worker to

boot. His one method is persuasion, his one means intelligence, his one object peace. He makes no enemies, he keeps all his friends. And when he introduces a Bill everybody tries his best to like it.

How different from Mr. McKenna. Mr. McKenna has all the virtues of the politician in their most irritating form. He is a good man in the worse sense of the word: that is, he tries his level best to please people without thating himself. It was obvious, for example, that his Education Bill was not of his own devising. What did he care, more than Gallio, for the wranglings of the sects? He knew perfectly well that his Contracting Out Clause was bad; it was hateful to himself as it would prove obnoxious to many of his friends. Yet in his role of fancied politician he felt himself bound to construct a Bill he did not like for a section of people whose opinions he despised. Doubtless he thought it good tactics; doubtless he believed that this truckling to the fanatical Nonconformists (a small enough section) was politically necessary. In the end, however, his Bill has been proved as bad as he thought it. The country has repudiated it as he himself should have repudiated it. Despite sectarian fanaticism, we are thankful that common-sense has prevailed, and that Mr. McKenna's Bill, with its gross injustices, its petty revengefulness and its manifest insincerities is to be decently interred within the clauses of the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill.

While on the subject of ministerial conduct of Bills, we may point to worse examples than Mr. McKenna. Three ministers this week have introduced important Bills with such preliminary and postliminary care as to ensure their passage without much opposition. But of the Licensing Bill, to be again discussed this week, and of the Mines Eight Hours Bill, to be discussed perhaps never again seriously, we can only say that their authors deserve to be sent to school to Messrs. Birrell, Lloyd George, and Burns. Of Mr. Gladstone's conduct of the Mines Eight Hours Bill it is difficult to speak with patience. After all, every minister gets the opposition he deserves; and Mr. Gladstone by his weak handling, vacillating conduct, and feeble open-mindedness on the subject of his Bill has brought on himself the disaster that plainly awaits him. What on earth are all these deputations which he receives with so much unction doing at this stage? With an ounce of political foresight, Mr. Gladstone would have had those deputations before instead of after the Bill. One might suppose he had drafted the Bill in a hermetically sealed room, and without consultation with a single soul. Are we seriously to suppose that men like Sir George Livesey or the husband of Lady Bell would oppose a measure which had been discussed by business men? Of course not. Mr. Gladstone plainly invented the Bill, and then began to run away when the clauses were criticised. We see him running away still—his characteristic political attitude. Unfortunately he takes our hopes of an Eight Hours Bill with him.

But both Mr. McKenna and Mr. Gladstone have had an excellent example to follow. Mr. Asquith's conduct of the Licensing Bill can scarcely be improved upon for sheer badness. Everybody knows that Mr. Balfour in 1904 despoiled the Brewers almost as vigorously as Mr. Asquith now proposes; but with what consummate tact! Really we should be afraid to trust a genuine Socialist measure to Mr. Asquith even if he believed in it. His conduct of it would probably ruin its chances for a whole generation. Speaking at the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday last, Mr. Asquith so far from being ashamed of having aroused so much antagonism positively rejoiced in it, with all the complacency of the blessed martyrs. "It is not a revelation to us," he said. "We knew it would come, we deliberately invited, courted it, and we are prepared to face it." That attitude, of course, is mere political imbecility. If Mr. Asquith were, like ourselves, out for a revolution with no hope or expectation of immediate practical results, we could understand his courting of clamour and opposition. But presumably Mr. Asquith is a practical politician with a Bill to pass. It is a strange way of

passing a Bill to invite and court antagonism. Has Mr. Asquith looked at his "Prince" lately?

Mr. Burns has had the rare self-abnegation to introduce his Housing and Town-planning Bill without a speech. That is splendid for an orator with a capacity for intoxicating himself on phrases. The Bill, moreover, is a monument of good intentions. As it stands, many of its clauses are obscure, but a little discussion may illuminate their purpose. Actually, of course, the authorship of the Bill belongs to Ebenezer Howard. That admirable reformer long ago conceived the idea of Garden Cities, and has lived to see the idea fructify. Garden City itself is by no means ideal, but in comparison with chaotic industrial centres it is an Eden. Of course, if Wren had had his way a quarter of a millennium ago London City would not be what it is, the most ill-devised mole-run of streets in the world. Nor, indeed, if Mr. Burns' Bill had been passed fifty years or even thirty years ago would the new urban districts, of which nearly 300 have been created in thirty years, have been modelled on the state of creation before there was light. England shares with France and the United States the disgrace of being the only civilised countries with no eyes in its municipal head. Mr. Burns has only to avoid certain obvious defects of the continental systems of Town-planning to enable England to profit by her long delay. Such defects are the rigging of the land market, by which in German cities, for instance, prices have often gone up to £4,000 an acre in suburban districts; also the lack of competent architectural supervision. This last defect has not always been avoided even in the Letchworth Garden City, where quite a number of houses are destined in a short while to become no better than picturesque slum dwellings.

"Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations." So said Burke, and the aphorism applies not only to Unemployment, the chronic unsettled question of civilisation, but also to Home Rule. Almost to a day exactly twenty-two years ago Mr. Gladstone (no relation surely with Mr. Herbert Gladstone of the same name) introduced into the House of Commons his Home Rule Bill, the second reading of which was originally fixed for May 6, the anniversary of the Phoenix Park murders. It was on July 20 of the same year, 1886, that Mr. Gladstone resigned office into the inviting hands of the Queen. On Monday last Mr. Redmond moved his resolution in favour of Home Rule, and was supported by a majority of the House, and by no less than three of the established political parties.

We have no intention of summarising the Parliamentary debate, or of elaborating the Socialist position regarding Home Rule. Everybody knows that the Socialists to a man are sworn Home-rulers; but the grounds are perhaps seldom made clear. Primarily we accept Home-rule simply because Ireland asks for it. Whenever a want becomes articulate it should be satisfied if possible. A nation that has sense enough to know what it wants and to ask for it has also sense enough to know what is good for it. In any case, no other nation has either the knowledge or the right to deny the claim except on purely selfish grounds. It is not a question, therefore, of wrong or right, of good or bad, whether Home Rule shall or shall not be granted. If the question could be settled thus, we could hope to persuade Ireland, which is by no means less intelligent than England, that the Unionist position was superior to Home Rule. But we cannot do it. And it is mere hypocrisy to pretend that Ireland is denied Home Rule for her own sake. The sole ground on which Ireland is denied Home Rule is England's fear. The fact is English Unionists are in terror of what Ireland would do.

Well, that terror does not exist for Socialists. Not that we are less patriotic, less Imperial even; but because we are more. We are patriotic and Imperial enough to be no more afraid of Ireland with Home Rule than of South Africa and Canada with Home Rule. In both South Africa and Canada were populations of diverse race, in each a race inimical to England before

the Act of Autonomy. In both instances the ties have been strengthened and not weakened by the apparent disunion. Similarly we believe on the most selfish grounds that Ireland would be more truly English if she were allowed to become more truly Irish. The salvation of Ireland is also the salvation of England.

Mr. Balfour's speech was a reminiscence of twenty years ago. Delivered then, it might have carried conviction; but delivered after a series of attempts on his side as well as on the Liberal side to grant Home Rule in everything but name, Mr. Balfour's pillar of fire by night became a cloud by day, and not a guiding cloud either. Mr. Birrell's contribution was an unpublished essay from "Obiter Dicta," pleasant in tone and intention, but singularly out of place in such a discussion. Mr. Asquith alone fell to the depths of the debate in a speech which once more betrayed the Leader neither born nor made. How Liberals can endure to be led by the nose by Mr. Asquith passes our comprehension. An admirable servant, he is far and away the worst master Liberalism has had for many years. All the crooked ways of petty tactics are his habitual runs. His declaration on Home Rule should turn every Irish Nationalist into a Suffragette.

The questions asked of Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons on Tuesday with reference to the trial of Dinuzulu were answered most unsatisfactorily. The blame, however, does not belong to Mr. Churchill, but apparently to the Natal Government. The preliminary examination of Dinuzulu, held meantime a prisoner, is proceeding, it appears, with the utmost delay, and we should not be surprised if Dinuzulu is not dead before the preliminary examination is concluded. So far, of course, no definite charge has been brought against the Zulu Chief. He is merely detained on grounds of general and official suspicion, on precisely such grounds, in short, as would suffice in Haiti actually or in England theoretically to have every political opponent arrested and imprisoned for life. We are far from saying that Dinuzulu has not been guilty of agitating for Zulu Home Rule. We are far from saying he has not been justified. What is certain, however, is that after such a farce of a trial and the experience of such justice as Natal metes out (with England hypnotised into helplessness too) the Zulus will renew their agitation with redoubled vigour. The Natalese appear to be as politically stupid now as ever. For their loyalty during the war they are presuming too much on the gratitude of civilisation.

Our question to the Labour Party has met with one response which in its effect may be regarded as an excuse. It was well known that pourparlers had been exchanging between the Labour Party and the Trade Union sections of the House with a view to Parliamentary co-operation. That co-operation is now effected, and we may expect shortly to see its fruits. Meantime we would urge on the Labour Party the necessity of keeping its head in full command of its tail. Despite the enormous political reforms still open to Liberals and Conservatives, the great economic changes of the future are in the hands of the Labour Party. While Liberals and Tories alike are by tradition, interest and conviction intent on improving Production in the vain hope that Distribution will take care of itself, the Labour Party has the enormous task of organising Distribution on the basis of social equity. For this, a constant watchfulness will be necessary since all the Parliamentary forces are opposed to them. Above all, let them beware of sectionalism even in the matter of Labour. The problem of distribution is national, and not Labour or even Trade Union. Vigour, imagination, watchfulness; above all, a plan of campaign!

[NEXT WEEK.—Dr. M. D. Eder will reply to his critics in an article, "Socialism and the Medical Profession." Article on "Stendhal," by Dr. Oscar Levy.]

The Housing Problem and Town Planning.

MR. JOHN BURNS, on behalf of the Government, has introduced a Bill to provide for the housing of the working classes, the rational planning of the growth of towns, and the appointment of medical officers in every county. Fancy a civilised Government not having done all that fifty years ago. For the destruction of slums and the building of houses—well, that's such a simple problem, it hardly seems worth an Act of Parliament to put that right. There's such an obvious remedy for slums; knock them down. The solution of the housing problem is so simple I scarcely like to mention it; build houses. However, since people, apparently, do not think of these things, Mr. Burns was quite right to put this little piece of common sense into the shape of an Act of Parliament; indeed, it is rather an original idea, for a statesman; Acts are usually so sentimental. Besides, the Liberals had to do something in this line of reform just to show that they are beginning to see the futility of the Tory Housing Acts of 1885, 1890, 1900, and 1903. It does not do to let the other fellows pose as the only social reformers.

Out of the labyrinth of clauses one stands clear as the centre of this Bill, namely Clause 11, which will empower the Local Government Board to compel a local authority to exercise the powers granted to it under the Housing Acts. This entirely sound principle of compelling a local council to carry out the powers which are in fact duties which it owes to the whole community is a principle which was laid down for the first time, in any radical and comprehensive manner, in the Small Holdings Act of last year. Its repetition in this Bill is, it is hoped, an indication that it will become a guiding principle in our system of local government. The governing authorities were driven forward by the sheer necessities of the case. The notion that local councils of amateur administrators would do what they were allowed to do for the good of their districts has proved an idle dream. We have passed Public Health Acts, and still remain with a grotesque minimum of public health; Housing Acts have not given us decent houses; a School Feeding Act has scarcely fed a child; Small Holdings Acts brought no small holdings worth considering; the Light Railways Act might just as well have treated of flying machines for all that happened. In short, the timid words "may do" have lulled to sleep all the local councillors in England. Instead of a call to action, these multitudinous Acts have become cradle songs, and the ideals of local government remain on a legislative pedestal, to be admired instead of used. There are certain advantages in placing virtuous resolutions on a pedestal; they are more showy there, and they do not interrupt the ordinary routine of everyday life. But it is the business of government to spend its whole time in interrupting ordinary routine.

The attempt on the part of the local councils to solve the housing problem has almost come to a dead stop. In the last Local Government Board report we are informed that, with the exception of the Richmond scheme, which was standing over from the previous year, "only one other scheme under Part I. of the Act was submitted to us during 1906. It was prepared by the Town Council of Liverpool, and the investigation of this scheme had not been completed at the close of the year." All the rural districts of the country together asked the Board to sanction £1,500 as loans to carry

into force their right to build cottages; and in the rural districts the lack of housing accommodation is notorious. During this same year (1906) the Board sanctioned the borrowing of £2,659 to provide cemeteries under the Public Health (Interments) Act of 1879. Now, it is clear that a policy which spends more money in burying us than in keeping us alive will not always continue to arouse the enthusiasm of ordinary citizens. Something had to be done. In Germany they have an association, "Verein Reichswohnungsgesetz," which keeps the problem on the move. Of course, we cannot organise any society as influential as that—there are not enough letters in our alphabet. But the next best thing undoubtedly is to give the Local Government Board legal power to compel the local councils to perform their duty of providing houses and demolishing slums. The effect of this Bill, if it becomes law, will be to change that timid word "may" into an imperative "shall." Provided the President of the Local Government Board so pleases to command. It is a large proviso; but at least it gives a new hope of getting something done. Every new Socialist-Labour member sent to Parliament will mean so much more pressure on the President to take action.

What a vista of energy will lie before a Local Government Board which really means business. I confess that the possibilities of the 300-mile gun, which was announced last week, appeal to me immensely. I would make that gun a Local Government Board monopoly. It would be much more effective than a mandamus. Just consider the process. The Town Clerk of Liverpool, for example, would one morning receive a crisp little note from the Board: "Clear slums away at once; we propose to blow half Liverpool to pieces on Monday week unless we hear that work is carried out." Imagine the healthy glow of vigour that would come to the cheeks of the Councillors; the men on the line of fire would go over solidly to the reform party. The slums would get demolished long before Monday. There is only one weak point about the new gun: there is no recoil after the discharge. That would have been an advantage; it might have knocked down half the Local Government Board as well; it might have set Mr. John Burns dreaming that all he longed for in those happy Trafalgar Square days at last was coming to pass.

The rest of the Bill is mainly a matter of detail—quite useful detail in many cases—except the part which introduces the German system of town planning under the control of the municipality. This is of infinitely great importance, if the power is really used. The Bill says that a council, with the consent of the Board (without an act of Parliament being required), can entirely regulate the extension of a town. Henceforth it will be possible to order that the growth of a town shall be for the convenience of the community, instead of the convenience of an individual. There will be no appeal against these regulations, except to the final decision of the Board. Compensation must be paid to persons who are financially injured by the scheme; but those who are benefited may be ordered to pay the compensation. The most important point of all is that the municipality can buy the land involved in the operations; though the clause seems to restrict compulsory purchase to land for small houses only. This is a serious defect, and should be remedied. However, if Mr. Burns can pass this town planning legislation and will then enforce it, we may even forgive him for forgetting Trafalgar Square days.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

ZION'S WORKS contain explanations of the Bible, which free mankind from the charge of Sin. Read Vol. V., p. 37, and the "Discourses," Vol. XII. IN THE PRINCIPAL FREE LIBRARIES.

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH. "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY Explained" (Armstrong), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps) given post free.—Miss BARNET Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

Ireland and the Empire.

OF the many national problems with which we are cursed to-day some have arisen naturally, as it were, in the course of social evolution, and some have been wilfully created by human baseness and human stupidity.

To the former sort belong such problems as those of poverty and unemployment. It is difficult to fix the blame for these things upon anyone in particular or to point out how the present condition of affairs could have been wholly avoided without presuming supernatural foresight on the part of our rulers. And when people ask us to be patient and not to press our demands for the right to work and the abolition of monopoly all at once, we are bound to admit that they have some justice on their side, and would have more had our patience not already been overtaxed.

But the Irish problem belongs to the other sort. The condition of Ireland to-day is the direct and obvious consequence of the misgovernment and oppression which she has suffered for centuries at the hands of English statesmen. Every one of the thousands of natives of the "other island" who have died of starvation, and of the millions who have been forced to leave their homes as emigrants, can trace his misfortunes directly to the door of some "great" Englishman. To claim indulgence or to ask for patience from Ireland when she demands a remedy for her grievances is to add insult to injury.

Yet this is what our Prime Ministers, with one honourable exception, have been doing consistently ever since Ireland became articulate. And the debate on Home Rule last week showed that the tradition is not dead yet. Mr. Balfour, the Imperial coercionist, was followed by Mr. Asquith, the Liberal time-server. The Premier-elect made no bones about his position. He has become so accustomed to apologising for the deficiencies of Liberalism that he is now quite shameless about it. He confessed himself as convinced a believer in Home Rule as he was twenty years ago, when he defended Parnell; but admitted quite frankly that he had found it convenient during the last election to pledge himself against his convictions. Free Trade, he said, was in danger at that time; and with naïve confidence in the support of the House, he assumed that that excuse was sufficient to justify an indefinite postponement of what he believes to be the only remedy for Ireland's wrongs. His attitude leaves one divided between scorn of such arrant political cowardice and impatience with a party that can accept for a leader a man who shows so cynical a disregard for his own principles.

One thing, however, Mr. Asquith made quite clear: that if Ireland wants Home Rule, she must not look to him. True, he spoke as if the circumstances of the last election were exceptional and would not occur again, and as if he hoped in the future to reclaim his discarded convictions and do justice to Ireland. But it is impossible to believe that he expects to be able to redeem this implied promise. The circumstances of the last election were exceptional. Liberalism has never had before, and will never have again, such an opportunity of coming into power with an honest and uncompromising programme. Mr. Asquith cannot be blind to the fact that if it was dangerous to stand for Home Rule in 1906, when the flood of Liberalism was at its greatest height, it will be infinitely more dangerous in 1910; and that if important issues rendered hedging on the Irish question advisable at the last election, yet more important issues (including an aggravated fiscal controversy) will render it imperative at the next. Here, then, is the

official Liberal attitude reduced to plain terms: "We are convinced as democrats that you have every right to demand self-government, but you must not expect us to give it you because it would not pay us to do so." And this will doubtless be the last word on the subject as long as Mr. Asquith remains leader.

The irony of the situation lies in the fact that the English nation has never been more inclined to look favourably upon Mr. Redmond and his party than it is to-day. The fears which led Mr. Asquith and many of his friends to abjure their faith proved to be baseless, for the anti-Home Rule agitation, such as it was, fell as flat in this country as did the Irish Council Bill in Ireland last year.

There is no doubt that there has been a great change in public opinion since the days when Gladstone suffered defeat at the hands of Englishmen who were still hot over the Phoenix Park murders. A new generation has arisen, democratic ideas have been spreading, slowly enough perhaps, but surely, and last but not least, people are beginning to understand that Parliamentary time is too precious to be wasted in a controversy which could be put an end to for ever by the passing of a single measure. The forces of Labour are solid for Home Rule, and it is probable that the rank and file of the Liberals, less timid than their leaders, are quite ready to join issue at the first opportunity.

If Mr. Asquith should go and Home Rule should reappear on the Liberal programme at the next general election, the Tories will be hard put to for arguments that will appeal to the man who turns elections, the man who has not made up his mind. Almost without exception, as Mr. Redmond pointed out the other day, all the great arguments which led to Mr. Gladstone's defeat have disappeared. Mr. Wyndham's Land Act has removed the fears of Irish landlords that their property would be confiscated by an Irish Parliament. The bogey of religious bigotry can no longer deceive anybody, in view of the public utterances of leading Irish Anglicans and of the number of Protestants who now sit on the Nationalist benches representing Catholic constituencies. And as for the danger of giving a disloyal nation self-government, this can hardly carry much weight with the people who welcomed General Botha so enthusiastically last summer.

Even Mr. Balfour could find but one argument to support his case. "If," he said, "you give Home Rule to Ireland, you are reversing the very process which you are trying to carry out in every other part of the Empire." Whether this means that Mr. Balfour wants to make the British Empire an Empire in the old sense of the word, governed bureaucratically by English Viceroys and officials, or whether it means that he desires to see the Colonies reduced to the state that Ireland is in to-day, is not clear. But it does not matter, for whatever his theories or aspirations may be, the facts are all against him. His policy of "resolute government" has been tried for the last twenty years, and its result is that Ireland is in a worse condition than any other civilised country in the world. The population is less than half what it was in 1860, and is fast diminishing. And those who remain are more impoverished, more desperate, more disloyal, and more afflicted than ever with the disease of conscious Nationalism.

The one thing that is certain in British politics is that at each general election the Nationalist Party will return a little stronger than before, and this fact alone is sufficient to preclude the necessity for any further discussion of the merits of Ireland's demand. If you cannot draw up an indictment against a whole nation, it is certain that you cannot argue with it. The very unanimity of the demand is its final justification. It is idle to talk of loyalty until Ireland is free from her obsession and able to realise the advantages of federation with the most powerful country in Europe. In the meantime we must expect to find the Irish "traitors." And, after all, who, if he has read history, can deny that if ever one nation had a right to hate another with all its heart and soul, Ireland has that right to hate England to-day?

CLIFFORD SHARP.

Equal Facilities in Education.

OUR final object being that of substituting Intelligence for the Navy as our first line of defence, we are naturally glad at the prospect of settlement of the extra-educational problems which the reception of the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill promises us. Ever since 1870 educationists have known that the real kernel of education would never be reached until the sectarian husks had been removed. In despair of removing them by fair means or by foul, reformers have been driven in the past to adopt what is known as the Secular Solution, a solution which promised at any rate to mend denominationalism by ending it. Of course, the Secular Solution was an expedient of despair. We ourselves advocated it as an expedient of despair only. We well knew, and so, we imagine, did most of those who supported that solution with us, that its adoption would actually solve nothing. The example of our Colonies, or some of them, in which such a solution has been tried was not inspiring; nor, had it been inspiring, could it have been followed by us. The history of England is unique, and hence its solutions of its problems must be unique also.

In view of this, we have always been prepared to advocate the Secular Solution only as a last resort; and to use it as a whip to hasten the compromise which we knew must come. Doubtless that compromise has been long in coming; so long, in fact, that the Secular Solution attracted to its Cave of Adullam many who had no sort of desire to be there, and certainly no right. Our own fear was, indeed, that the Secular Solution in the hands of such as foregathered in its name might prove ten times more sectarian than denominationalism. We need only refer to the possible infliction on defenceless children of all the horrors of tabulated and codified, examined and paid for, "Moral Instruction." That had progressed so far as to be recommended in the Government Code of 1906 as an "important part of every school curriculum." We grew anxious lest Moral Instruction should sail in under the name of Secularism, and so usurp an authority to which it was in no sense entitled, and for which certainly the Secular Solution left no legitimate sphere.

We are relieved, therefore, to find that the Secular Solution, together with what it might have implied, has been rendered unnecessary by the sensible compromise likely now to be effected. The terms of the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill are such as to commend themselves on the whole to educationists who desire to get to business. Of course, none of them has anything to do with education any more than the terms of Mr. McKenna's Bill. But we repeat that Education is not a subject for serious discussion while the outstanding problems of denominationalism remain unsolved. Briefly, we accept now as we did two weeks ago, the proposals of the Bishop of St. Asaph as a working basis of agreement. Of several of the clauses we should suggest modification; and new clauses must be added dealing with the special cases of Catholics and Jews. Except for these details the Bill is provisionally sound, and contains the elements of an elastic as well as a lasting compromise.

We insist at this moment on the elasticity of the terms of compromise, in view of the fact that, after all, the Secular Solutionists have some right to consideration. Over a hundred members voted for that solution at the instance of the Labour Party last session; and if minorities have any claim to representation—as who shall say they have not?—the claim of the Secularists

to a place in the Bill is undeniable. So far as we can see, the proposed Bill establishes the right of free access within school hours for any representative of any denomination who can find pupils willing to listen to him. It would be monstrous if, after admitting to such privileges Nonconformists of the myriad sects as well as the Established Church, the same privileges were denied to representatives of other and less publicly recognised sects.

What constitutes a denomination in the eye of the law? What qualifications will be needed for a body of believers to secure the right of access into elementary schools? Plainly, there is needed a large and liberal tolerance in this matter unless gross injustice is to be done to unpopular or numerically weak sects.

Suppose, for example, that the Theosophical Society desires to take advantage of the Free Access and Equal Facilities of the Bill of Compromise, and to send into the schools a representative to teach the children of Theosophical parents. Will that be permitted? And if not, why not? We might even cite the hard case of avowed Atheists (most of them, by the way, religious devotees muddled about words), whose claims to Free Access could scarcely be denied on intelligible grounds. In Germany, certainly, they are not denied the rights accorded to every other sect of believers; and we do not see why in England they should be denied either.

Of course, it will be replied that the State cannot pay for teaching of this kind, that there are limits to tolerance, etc., etc. But for the life of us we do not see the force of this position. Once denominationalism is admitted to be right and proper, every sincere denomination, official or unofficial, must be treated with respect. As advocates of the Secular Solution, we were prepared to say No to everybody with a mission; as advocates of Denominationalism, we must surely say Yes to everybody with a mission.

Nor need the proposal we make be regarded either as impractical or as uneducational. On the contrary, we maintain that it is both possible in practice and desirable in education. Nothing appals us more than the prospect of a national system of education grinding the minds of children to a single level from John o' Groat's to Land's End. From that Sahara of dullness and intellectual monotony we would welcome even anarchy as a relief. But there is no need for anarchy. We may be sure that every denomination introduced into the school will give a touch of local colour and difference to some of the scholars; and we contend that in the matter of numbers, the more denominations the merrier.

After all, is there any reason against admitting to the life of children all the sincere forces that will play on them in after life? We protest against the numbing conception that regards education as designed simply to fit children for life. Education is the whole and sole occupation of children precisely as Business is the whole and sole occupation of adults. Education is life, is that part of life which is passed between the ages of three and twenty-one. And if that part of life is to be variegated, real, and full, it must be by a large admission of the variegated forms of human belief and practice into it. In short, there is as much to be said for the admission of all phases of thought into the schoolroom as into life itself.

This, at any rate, is our contention as late advocates of the Secular Solution who have given up their claims to exclusive endowment. We no longer desire exclusive endowment, but we do desire equal endowment. Being ourselves neither denominational nor undenominational (what have Socialists to do with these elementary polarities of unripened thought?), we, nevertheless, desire to see the fruition of the all sorts it takes to make a world. And how shall ideas come to their fruition without due nurture in the young?

In Brief.

Mr. Pete Curran, M.P., has been chosen as a J.P. for the County of Essex.

The Russian Duma Committee has refused to vote £1,125,000 for the building of battleships.

£1,880,000 more income-tax has been collected for 1907-8 than was estimated.

In 1851 the density of population per square mile in Ireland was 201, in 1901 it had fallen to 137.

The total income of the National Laboratory at Teddington for 1907 was over £17,058, an increase of £273.

Since the end of August, 1906, 142 prisoners have been executed by shooting at Riga, and 84 at Mitau.

The duties of the City of London Boards of Guardians have now been taken over by the City Corporation.

The Board of Trade has appointed a committee to consider improvements in the rocket-apparatus for saving lives at sea.

In 45 years the gross annual value of the square mile of the City of London has increased from about £2,120,400 to £6,736,995.

£121,446 has been allocated to various Municipalities in England from the Government Grant for the Unemployed, and £20,000 to Scotland and Ireland.

The question of providing open-air schools for ordinary scholars is being considered by the L.C.C. Education Committee.

Twenty-eight of the big towns of New Zealand raise their Municipal rates by a tax on the unimproved value of land.

Since the institution of Municipal Milk Depôts at Battersea, the infantile mortality of the Borough has fallen from 163 to 115 per 1,000.

There is a movement in Australia to provide every person, of whatever means or character, with 10s. a week for life at the age of 65.

The Government of Victoria, Australia, has accepted a tender of £15,807 for the erection of a six-storied edifice on the L.C.C. "island-site" in the strand.

Mr. Keir Hardie suggests that the Labour Parties of the Empire should meet in conference at the same time as the next Inter-Colonial Conference.

There are 40,000 unemployed in Philadelphia, U.S.A., and fighting with knives, sticks, and fists, takes place daily for the chance of employment.

The Government of France has just passed a Bill prohibiting the use of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches in France.

An institution has been established at Atherton, Lancs., by the Lancashire and Cheshire Coalowners' Association, for the training of miners in life-saving in mines.

250,000 bituminous coal miners in various States of America have come out on strike owing to failure to agree with a new schedule of wages.

The Prime Minister of South Australia says "that although the Labour Party in South Australia came into existence in 1891, capital had not been driven out of the country."

The Lanarkshire miners adopted an Eight Hours Day five years ago—the output there per man has since been better than in any other part of the kingdom.

A meeting has been held at the House of Commons to advocate better postal facilities between Great Britain and France, and the re-organisation of the train service from London to Paris.

A Bill to confer on Press representatives the right to attend meetings of local authorities on any ordinary occasions is now being considered by a Grand Committee of the House of Commons.

Lord Elgin will not permit recruiting for the Rand mines in Nyassaland until means are taken to reduce the excessive mortality obtaining among natives from that district in the mines.

At the end of 1906 the number of British co-partnership undertakings organised by working-men was 120, with a capital of £1,938,980. They sold £3,806,156 worth of goods in the year, showing a net profit of £87,501.

Under the six Land Purchase Acts for Ireland between 1869 and 1903, from figures calculated to 1906, there have been 110,296 tenant purchasers, and Government advances of £38,404,925.

Mr. Chiozza Money points out in the "Daily News," that "without graduation to raise a larger sum from big incomes, Old-Age Pensions can only arrive by way of a revenue derived from duties on a large number of imports—by way, that is, of Protection."

In response to the petitions of various classes of workmen the Admiralty has increased the pay of joiners, plumbers, and

smiths, and of masters, second-engineers, and mates of sea-going yard craft and fleet coaling craft.

In something over forty years Liverpool has spent nearly £500,000 in demolishing houses which had been pronounced unfit for human habitation. There are, according to official figures, still 8,600 insanitary houses remaining to be dealt with.

During the 30 years between the passage of the Enclosures Act, 1845, and the Commons Act, 1876, 946 enclosure schemes were ratified by Parliament—by this means 618,000 acres of common lands were lost to the public.

The number of industrial disputes awaiting settlement by the Arbitration Court of New South Wales is so great that, if no new quarrels arise, it will take quite two years to settle them. Fresh quarrels are continually arising.

The number of disputes considered by the London Labour Conciliation and Arbitration Board last year was 15. The most important dispute dealt with was that between the master lightermen and barge-owners of the Port of London and their employees.

The Bermondsey Guardians purchased in October last from the unemployed colony at Hollesley Bay 18 young pigs, which were fed almost wholly upon the waste from the institution. The pigs were recently sold by public tender for £63, which shows a profit of £45 18s. 6d. on five months' keep.

There are about 400,000 members in the 299 Clubs of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union; of this number 4,060 members hold positions as members of Parliament or in the various Municipal services.

The following Socialists are on the Provisional Committee for the Shakespeare Memorial Meeting at the Lyceum Theatre: Robert Blatchford, Jerome K. Jerome, Bernard Shaw, Herbert Trench, and the Revs. Cartmel-Robinson and Stewart D. Headlam.

The East Ham Borough Council, after inviting and receiving tenders for dust collection and street scavenging, find they can do this work themselves and effect a larger saving than they would gain by accepting the contract of a private firm.

The total population of Scotland living more than two per room has fallen from 56.57 per cent. in 1861 to 45.68 in 1901; of more than three per room, from 33.83 per cent. in 1861 to 22.91 in 1901; and of more than four per room, from 18.67 per cent. to 9.56 per cent. in the same period.

Colonel Templer's career as Military Adviser in Ballooning at Aldershot, and the inventor of the "Nulli Secundus," our first war-airship, as well as of most of the improvements in military aerostatics in England for the past 30 years, is an instance of the possibilities of initiative in a State department.

Attempts to purify the milk supply are being made by many municipalities; Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Battersea, and other towns have Municipal Milk Depôts for the supply of sterilised milk. Nottingham Corporation has its own herd of cows which supply the municipal hospitals and asylums with pure milk, and besides this receives about £2,500 per annum from the sale of milk and butter. Birmingham and Reading have started milk production in connection with their sewage farms.

The report of the escape from Siberia of Marie Spiridonova recalls the circumstances of this brave woman's arrest for assassinating the tyrannical Governor of the Tamboff early in 1906. She shot Luchenovsky in the railway station, but he did not die for a month afterwards. "I gave him five bullets," said Marie, "I did not know he was so thick as to need a cannon." She was set upon by soldiers, dragged along the ground by the hair to a carriage, thrown into prison, under guard of two officials who stripped her naked and subjected her to fiendish tortures. She was sentenced to death, but the Russian Government commuted the sentence to twenty years hard labour, in deference to public opinion which had been aroused by knowledge of her torture. Some weeks later the two officers who had so foully abused Marie Spiridonova were found lifeless in the street. Marie Spiridonova was trained for a doctor. She was twenty-one years old when she shot the Governor of Tamboff. Her two sisters are dentists, but all three gave up everything to serve in the Revolution, and each has been imprisoned for the cause. Their mother was once asked, how it felt to have three daughters in prison at one time on political charges. "It makes me the proudest mother in all Russia," she replied. The concluding words of Marie Spiridonova's address to the judges at her trial were: "I do not fear death. You may, now, kill my body, but you cannot destroy my belief that the time of the people's happiness and freedom is surely coming, a time when the life of the people will express itself in forms in which truth and justice will be realised—when the ideas of brotherhood and freedom will be no more empty sounds, but part of our every-day, real life."

The Dead Philanthropist.

By Rev. Conrad Noel.

"MILES of carriages, thousands of spectators, tons of flowers . . . they did right to honour him; he spent thousands in charity yearly; a princely philanthropist, that's what the papers call him. If ever there was a real Christian it's the gentleman they buried yesterday."

Thus spake the man with the Victorian whiskers. He paused to pull up the window of a carriage of the Flying Scotsman, and before he could start again I turned to a daily journal, hoping to find in its pages relief from the subject of the dead man's munificence, but my eye was arrested by a speech of the Rev. Dr. Somebody or other, who protested that this was not the time nor the place to utter any appreciation of the princely philanthropist, but he would only say . . . bountiful liberality munificent gift of a Park beloved of the poor—the advancement of Christ's Kingdom," etc.

My interest was aroused. Some weeks back I had been taken over the worst slums in Glasgow—perhaps the worst in Europe, and we had waded through darkness, filth, and misery, and come out at the other end with sore hearts and sore throats. The wages of this slumdom were in some cases 16s. 10d. a week; the hours of work were monstrous. The workers are the victims of a loathsome skin disease arising from the chemical vapours in which they are compelled to labour. At one time—I don't know if this is now remedied—no meal hours were allowed, and the régime was a 12-hour day and a seven-day week.

The name of the man who employed these people was the name of the dead philanthropist. In a certain city office there hang in deadly parallel photographs of the homes in which the philanthropist's horses are living and the hutches in which his people are dying.

But a writer in the "British Weekly," ignoring fever-ridden slums and poison-infested works, insisted that our prince philanthropist looked further afield, being always solicitous for the comfort of missionaries, and impressed with the necessity of providing them with comfortable homes. "At one time hearing of the danger of typhoid fever in Livingstonia" (some considerable number of miles from Glasgow) "he gave £4,000 to provide and send out several miles of steel piping to bring pure and unadulterated water into the mission station."

"If ever there was a real Christian, it's the gentleman they buried yesterday."

At one time he was attacked for the conduct of his business, but this attack "did not weaken his influence . . . among the business men of Glasgow . . . for he kept straight on his course, and people bethought them that a man of such obvious goodness could not consciously be guilty of injustice to others."

A wonderful city, this Glasgow, with its "numbers of men of commercial standing and repute . . . who cling to evangelical principles, and while diligent in business, find in religious work for the benefit of their humbler fellow-creatures the romance of their lives."

Just before his death, the Good Rich Man was to be seen conducting his large Bible class on the Sabbath evening, instructing young men in the systematic theology of the shorter catechism. There he sits in the midst of his disciples, cheery, kind, diffusing sunshine and knowledge, dealing on this particular occasion with a theme which even in the shorter catechism is considered as incidentally connected with the Christian Religion, the theme being the Life and Character of the Divine Man Whom we are assured by the Religious Press he is so shortly to meet face to face in his Father's temple.

Great is the mystery of evangelicism. Another of its great champions has gone to his account; here, there was no accounting for him. According to his own terrible eschatology, death is the door to ever-

lasting pleasure or an eternity of woe. Whatever may or may not be true about man's future, it will be well for the dead man if that particular view of it be false. The price of our life must be paid to the uttermost farthing, and in this very severity there is mercy. So that even for this Good Rich Man we may finally hope that through purgatory he may win his way to peace.

But what of his evangelists, toadies, and home missionaries? What of the Religious Press and its editors? The abyss of self-deception is bottomless, and the deadliest hypocrite is he who goes masked in the presence of his own soul.

These men we must fight fiercely; our business is to fight and not to judge. Their "glory for me" religion is dying even in Scotland, but neither in Scotland nor in England is it dead.

But it is well to remember, when our enemies identify Socialism and Atheism, pointing with some truth to the facts that neither Spencer nor Balfour ever mixed their politics with Agnosticism so persistently as our earlier leaders have mixed their Atheism and Socialism and that the Christianity that drove Marx and Engels to Atheism was the "Christianity" of manufacturing England in the forties, the religion of the prince-philanthropists. These men, whose idea of heaven must have been very near God's idea of hell, had turned the light of the Gospel of Fellowship into the darkness of theological individualism, and having cornered the land and the capital, had cornered the churches, and were beginning to make a "corner" in God, protesting, "I will allow no man to come between my soul and my God." Such usurpers still live and prosper, though their ranks are reduced. Against such men the argument of tongue and pen is unavailing. Would they understand the argument of the sword? "Behold I come not to bring peace but a sword," cries Jesus. When the money-changers met him face to face in his Father's temple, he drove them out with a scourge of small cords. Where are his followers, and where are their scourges? For the money-changers have crept back again.

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The Care of the Unborn.

By Havelock Ellis.

IN his "Open Letter" * Mr. Eden Phillpotts asks why we should not have a State Department for the Unborn. The Department, he suggests, would be entirely devoted to the interests of the next generation; it would have nothing to say concerning marriage, but as soon as men and women set about becoming mothers and fathers they would have to reckon with this Department. They would repair here as they repair to a life insurance office; they would find the best scientific and sociological knowledge of the time; their personal and hereditary qualities would be investigated, and they would be informed whether the child of their union would be likely to raise the level of Man—if not help on the Superman—or whether in deliberately bringing a child into the world they might not be committing as grave a crime as if they had deliberately put a child out of the world.

Mr. Phillpotts brings forward this scheme merely as an "idea," the irresponsible suggestion of an artist in fiction, at the best as a new plank for an Utopian platform resting on the air. I hoped that someone would come forward to protest. As no better qualified person has done so, I trust I may be allowed to point out that selective control in the breeding of the future generation is a proposal which, far from resting on the air, definitely lies on our horizon. It slowly began to take shape throughout the nineteenth century, and during the few years of the present century the pace of our progress towards it has been considerably accelerated.

In modern times—for it is needless to go back to the imaginary Republic of Plato or the real Republic of Sparta—the question of controlling the future generation, or even of socially safeguarding the young of the present generation, never presents itself until industrial conditions of life predominate over agricultural conditions. In States that are fundamentally agricultural the production of children occurs automatically, almost involuntarily, without question or anxious comment. There is always food for another mouth, and another "hand" is always welcome; children are "sent by God." It is true that often, as in Russia and Austria-Hungary to-day, they die off with almost the same facility as they are born; but since the conditions that kill them are to superficial observation natural conditions, there is no obvious call for active interference.

All this is altered when agricultural life gives place to industrial life, and a factory system takes away men and women alike into its service, but ignores entirely the question of the production of new men and women. Home-life is then reduced to its barest and sordidest minimum; reproduction, still left to chance, is now carried out under actively unfavourable influences; and children, abandoned at birth to the bottle administered by the hand of strangers, either die with greater rapidity even than in less prosperous agricultural communities (compare the high infantile mortality of England with the low infantile mortality of Ireland), or else grow up stunted, defective, nervously unstable.

That is a state of things which soon begins to attract attention, because, unlike earlier conditions, it is quite obviously unnatural. It was the origin of a series of more or less inadequate measures, beginning during the Victorian period, and still continuing, which were once described as "humanitarian," because they were looked upon as a sort of charity to outcasts, and not as necessary measures of social hygiene carried out by a community in its own interests. Thus it is that we

acquired our farcical factory legislation, which, in order to salve wounded humanitarian feelings, ordained, for instance, that women shall rest for four weeks after confinement and yet provided not a penny for their support during that period of enforced rest, the result being that employer and employee every day tacitly conspire to break the law and deteriorate the new generation, while the State sanctimoniously winks. In Germany this matter of rest after confinement is covered by the general compulsory insurance scheme. In France a private company has even set a superb example to the State; and at the famous Creuzot works the expectant mother not only rests during the latter half of pregnancy, but has her salary raised; she suckles her infant, and must produce a medical certificate of fitness before returning to work. The results are said to be admirable as regards both mother and infant.

The question of suckling is of primary importance from several points of view, not least because the mortality of bottle-fed infants is usually double that of breast-fed infants, which is why the enterprising town of Leipzig has lately resolved to subsidise those of its mothers who suckle their babies. In England an evil state of things has sometimes been favoured by the well-meant efforts of local authorities to facilitate the supply of cow's milk. The young English working man, it has been said, nowadays often only marries a part of a woman, the other part being in a chemist's shop window in the shape of a glass feeding-bottle; she not only fails to suckle her child, but she is becoming unable to do so. Thus it is that we have to-day in England an immense infantile mortality, which shows no real tendency to decrease although our general mortality is decreasing, and although half of it is admitted by the best authorities to be easily preventible. It is a problem we are beginning to grow alive to, as is shown by the recent National Conference on Infant Mortality, as well as by the excellent Schools for Mothers now springing up among us, mainly suggested by the "Consultations de Nourrissons" founded by Budin in Paris in 1892.

It is not enough, however, to realise the risks of the child after birth; the problem is soon pushed further back, and we understand that it is just as necessary to watch over the child before birth, for while it is still in its mother's womb its fate may be determined. Here we in England have as yet done nothing. We may say in the words of Bouchacourt that among us "the dregs of the human species—the blind, the deaf-mute, the degenerate, the imbecile, the epileptic—are better protected than pregnant women." It is from France that the finest inspirations and initiations have come. To Budin, who lately died, and Pinard, who are among the chief pioneers of human progress in our time, we owe not only a more systematic care for the infant, but the inception of the new movement for the care of the unborn child and a precise knowledge of the reasons which make that care necessary. Masses of data have now come into existence showing that it is only by resting during the later months of pregnancy that a woman can produce a fully-developed child, and that without such rest confinement tends to occur prematurely, such prematurity being the chief cause of the enormous infantile mortality. In England, it is stated by Ballantyne, the greatest British authority, that 20 to over 40 per cent. of all children born are premature, the estimate varying according to the standard of maturity adopted. In France there is now an active demand for the State recognition of this need of rest during the last three months or, at the very least, four weeks, of pregnancy, and during the past twenty years also a number of excellently managed municipal Asiles have been established in which pregnant women—married and unmarried on a footing of complete equality—may secure this necessary rest, while movements are also on foot to furnish advice to pregnant women at home and to relieve them in their household work. One little spot in France—Villiers-le-Duc—has acquired an almost classic fame. In this village of the Côte d'Or any woman may claim support during preg-

* NEW AGE, March 7.

nancy, as well as the gratuitous services of doctor and midwife, the result being that both infant and maternal mortality have been almost abolished. In England we are too "practical" for so thorough a recognition as this of the fact that prevention is better than cure. Yet Villiers-le-Duc has been a source of inspiration even for England, for here it was that Mr. Broadbent, the Mayor of Huddersfield, came and resolved to establish what has since become generally known as the Huddersfield system, the basis of the Notification of Births Act which came into force this year. That Act, with all its imperfections and its merely permissive character, is yet the most important event which has happened in this country for a long time past. It represents the recognition of the fact that the infant, even from the moment of birth, must be the object of the State's care, and that recognition cannot fail to be very fruitful in consequences.

The care for the child, however, the recognition of the infant, the demand of rest for the pregnant and suckling woman—these are steps which, so far from covering all the ground, only seem to lead us slowly but surely back to the yet more fundamental question of conception. A wise care for the welfare of the products of conception leads to care in the causation of conception. That, indeed, is a step that began to be taken a very long time back, and it is idle now for American Presidents or English Bishops to discuss whether it is good or bad. It will be time to discuss the wisdom of increasing our diminished output of babies when we have learnt how to deal with those we have. It is quite certain that the limitation of offspring—voluntary or involuntary—has always been bound up with all human progress; indeed, one may say with all zoological progress. The higher the organism the lower the offspring.

But to be on a sound basis, human or zoological, the progeny diminished in quantity must be increased in quality. Unfortunately, that is not what is happening with our own diminished output of babies. On the contrary, the quality has diminished as much as the quantity. That was inevitable, for the decrease has not been caused by any deliberate selection of the best parents or the best conditions for parenthood, but has rather been effected by the restraint of the better elements in the community.

It has thus happened that along a number of lines—in England, in France, in Germany—attention is being more and more directed to that great central problem of human race-building: How can we compensate the inevitably diminished quantity of babies by raising their quality? Mr. Phillpotts is by no means alone in asking why it is that, though even savages carefully weed their gardens, we not only tolerate our weeds, but even put them under glass.

In 1883 Francis Galton—who, as befits one who devoted himself to the interests of future generations, is still alive and active among us, the sole survivor of the intellectual giants of his time—put forward a book entitled "Inquiries into Human Faculty and Its Development," in which, summarising his own earlier investigations, he dealt with "various topics more or less connected with that of the cultivation of the race, or, as we might call it, with 'eugenic' questions—that is, with questions bearing on what is termed in Greek, *eugenes*, good in stock, hereditarily endowed with noble qualities."*

For some years eugenics was generally regarded less as a subject of supreme social importance than as a butt for witticism; at the best it seemed an amiable scientific fad. That is no longer the case. To-day Galton's work is the recognised starting-point of a new movement in favour of National Eugenics; elaborate scientific investigations are being carried on in order to enlarge our defective knowledge of the laws of heredity; the University of London officially recognises the subject of eugenics, and the versatile Professor Karl Pearson is at the head of a laboratory for explor-

ing that great field of Biometrics which is definitely based on the life-work of Galton. During the past few weeks, also, the Eugenics Education Society has been established with the double object of increasing popular knowledge and interest in this field and of promoting the ends which make for the better breeding of the race.

At the same time there has been of recent years a real change of attitude towards this question on the part of the general public. As Dr. Clouston, the distinguished Edinburgh alienist, lately remarked, nowadays people not only ask medical advice about marriage and procreation, but they even follow it, and many physicians can bear similar testimony. When any reasonable exposition of eugenic principles is now put forward it is received not with amusement, but with serious and sympathetic attention.† We are all agreed now that it is necessary, as Mr. Phillpotts puts it, to "turn off the bad blood at the meter," and the only question is as to how that may best be effected. Greater technical knowledge is, for one thing, needed, but also a higher general standard of individual responsibility, for it is idle yet, and altogether premature, to clamour for compulsion. In educating the community, as by helping on the existing movements for the realisation of eugenic ideals, all may assist to bring us nearer to that conscientious care for the race which Mr. Galton believes will be the religion of the future.

What I have here sought to show is that Mr. Phillpotts's scheme is not an idea in the air which may be discussed in a merely academical fashion. It is the inevitable outcome of a movement which, on the social as well as on the scientific side, has been slowly prepared during a hundred years. It is not indeed the immediately next step. We have first to grapple more closely with the problem of the neglected infant and the ignorant and overworked pregnant and suckling woman, for it is idle to spend care on good breeding if the results of our care are to be flung to destruction at or before birth. But when that problem is solved, the eugenic problem is immediately upon us. We may help its progress; we cannot stop it, though we may hinder it. We hinder it when we fritter away so much time and energy in chattering about the education of children and about what religion they shall be taught. Let them be taught the religion of the Bantu or the Eskimo, of New Guinea or of Central Brazil, whatever it is we may be reasonably sure they will be whatwe sickened of it for life. Education has been put at the beginning, when it ought to have been put at the end. It matters comparatively little what sort of education we give children; the primary matter is what sort of children we have got to educate. That is the most fundamental of questions. It lies deeper even than the great question of Socialism versus Individualism, and indeed touches a foundation that is common to both. The best organised social system is only a house of cards if it cannot be constructed with sound individuals, and no individualism worth the name is possible unless a sound social organisation permits the breeding of individuals who count. On this plane Socialism and Individualism move in the same circle. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

The Red Sands.

The red sands are calling for us, and the sea,
And the evening is calling—can she hear?
New rhythms are aching in my heart—is she near?
Oh, the red sands are waiting, and is she?
The red sands are waiting by the sun-red sea,
And none is there to watch and none to care;
The sad wind is murmuring of its want; O where
Is she, my unknown darling, where is she?
Perhaps I may hold her on the wet sea-shore,
But the evening be gone from the red round moon:
Oh, can it be that night will have come too soon,
And the wind and the sea have ebbed for evermore!

F. S. FLINT.

* This book has lately been re-printed in the invaluable "Everyman's Library."

† I recall, for instance, the comments aroused in the Press by an article of my own on "Eugenics and St. Valentine," published in the "Nineteenth Century" two years ago.

Hunger-Tameness.

By Holbrook Jackson.

It was one of those familiar spring days that belie the calendar. There was a wind, a very penetrating wind; a wind that diagnosed your weaker spots with wonderful precision. Little patches of dust in the roadways were caught up, whirled round like ghostly Dervishes, and scattered into oblivion. My face stung as I stood indecisively in a diminutive maze of crossing streets between the Law Courts and Kingsway. The wind seemed to be enjoying itself as it scampered along a little lane, after an invigorating romp over the vacant spaces of the Strand "improvement," and I marvelled that it should be so spiteful.

As I stood for a moment taking my bearings, which the most habitual Londoner has to do every now and then in his wilderness of streets, I became aware of a certain raggedness about me. It was not in the locality, for that bore all the evidences of recent rebuilding; it was in the people. At every corner around me stood small, eager groups of dejected men of all ages, and they seemed to be watching, hungrily I thought, a stout constable who paced serenely up and down the middle of the broadest of the adjoining streets.

My realisation of the surroundings was quite sudden, so sudden that I had hardly time to reflect upon the circumstances, which struck me in a flash like an unpleasant dream, before something happened—something quite simple, like the releasing of a spring which sets mechanical figures moving—the policeman raised a hand aloft. The hungry ones seemed to be awaiting this signal, for they were suddenly thrown into activity. In a moment every avenue in the vicinity shot forth a stream of abject humanity—greasy, ragged, careworn, dilapidated human beings, who ran towards a spot near by the policeman. Their eagerness was horrible and unseemly, and somehow I felt ashamed of myself. The constable stood in the roadway, a silent, haughty figure. The tatterdemalions darted past him from all directions and "cannoned" against each other in the gutter before the door of a religious mission. A silent, half-hearted little struggle followed; the cluster of shuffling men looked like a writhing heap of rags; like offal disturbed by some monstrous upheaval of decomposition. The policemen eyed it critically, a few passers-by stopped a moment before going on their way. Soon the tangle of men unravelled itself into a queue of fifty or sixty men, two and two, in the gutter.

"Why do they struggle and wait?" I said, approaching the portly policeman. "For soup," he replied simply, sardonically. "When do they get it?" I asked. "At half-past four." It was just three o'clock. "Have they been waiting at the corners long?" I enquired. "All day," came the reply. This is heroic, I thought, blinking with the wind, and I walked over to look at the thin grey line. What a crew! There was not a decent garment among them, not a clean body. It was an anxious empty stomach covered with rags. It emitted a foetid odour like a midden. Unclean, unkempt, unfed, it stood and shivered—almost unrecognisable as human.

The individuality of the separate members of the ragged queue was merged in the individuality of the mass. There were different features and a certain ludicrous distinction in the rags which covered their limp bodies. There were shades of pallor and greyness in the faces; degrees in the sunkenness of cheeks; grades in beards, from grisly stubble to flowing yellowy white; some high cheek-bones shone blue with cold; there were red noses and festering necks. There were frock coats among the garments, and tweed lounge coats; some had great rents, others were patched carelessly; one buttonless frock coat was threaded up the front with string; through a broken seam in the back I could see the man's pallid flesh; he wore no under garments. Trousers hung baggy, limp, and frayed; and boots were abject in their manifold characteristics—all were burst, none had heels, one creature wore tennis shoes tied about the instep with

red tape, another wore the sorriest patent leathers I ever saw. Their hats were grotesque in their battered and greasy variety.

But these details had to be sought out; to the casual glance they did not exist. The queue was a thing in itself, a silent, patient thing; a tabid line of men; a wrecked, wasted line of superfluous humanity; an evil-smelling scrap-heap gradually decomposing. It shuddered and snivelled; sometimes it laughed hoarsely and sometimes it swore; it spat and grunted and swayed slightly, shuffling from one foot to the other. It was long-suffering, but tame; it was dirty and hungry, but patient.

A feeling of shame came over me again as I reviewed the sorry line. I felt as though in the presence of deformed nakedness. I had an impulse to take it into a restaurant and gorge it with food—I smiled as I thought of the surprise of the manager of the Holborn as we marched into his sumptuous halls. I walked away some paces and stood looking back. I was spell-bound. I wanted to talk to someone about it, but everyone was in a hurry, nobody else seemed to care. I was not so much impressed by its dirt as by its tameness—the slow decay, the evil-smelling tameness of the thing, obsessed me.

I reflected upon the animals and how hunger makes them fierce. I saw a hungry tiger with starving cubs. It dashed across my mind and fastened upon another animal, rending and devouring it, whilst the little cubs dabbled appreciatively in the blood, before snuggling into their dam's replenished breasts. All sorts of hungry creatures peopled my brain, but none stood in queues patiently awaiting soup. They were all savage—they did not wait for food, they took it. Sometimes there was no food and nothing to kill. Then they lay down and died—but whilst there was the least chance of food they took it or died in the effort. That struck me as splendid. But these men starved patiently. There was food all about them—in the warehouses, in the shop windows, in the eating-houses; they could see it, smell it, but not eat it—and they became tame, not fierce like the animals. I felt that nature had produced in them something quite new; it had produced patience with hunger, it had made it possible for beings to fester and decompose without resistance, to be acquiescent in a living death. It had created something lower than the brutes. I took another look at the shivering, ragged thing, and left it standing there; watched by the portly constable; awaiting the coming of Charity.

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(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I SEE that Mr. Dent's "Everyman's Library" has passed its three hundredth volume. It is a good series. The designs of the title-pages and end-papers are tenth-rate, the didactic quotations opposite the title-pages are annoying, and the rounded corners are repellent. But it is a good series; probably the best of all the cheap reprints except Mr. Dent's own "Temple Classics," which remain unapproached. As every man includes every woman and every servant girl, Mr. Dent was doubtless justified in including Dinah Maria Craik and Mrs. Henry Wood in the collection; he would have been still more catholic if he had also chosen "Mr. Barnes of New York," of which no copyright exists. Of course, he could not keep out the "Natural History of Selborne," though why that treasury of agreeable babble about birds on twigs should have been classed under the head of "Science" I cannot imagine. The "Natural History of Selborne" is one of the classic fads of the day. Still, "Everyman's" is a good series, and contains some really valuable items not elsewhere to be had. I often buy a volume.

* * *

Why does it not contain Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population"? I put this question bluntly to Mr. Dent. Malthus's book is admittedly a scientific classic, and it had immense influence on the development of Darwin. Mr. H. G. Wells has called it "the most shattering book that ever was or ever will be written." It is very easy and interesting to read. It is a landmark of English thought. Yet you will not find it in any series of cheap modern reprints. One firm only keeps it in print, and that edition is neither cheap nor handy (though I thank the firm for its courage). Why is this? The answer is found in the unspeakable and disgusting hypocrisy of the mighty British nation. Malthus is in bad odour. We practise the artificial limitation of families, but we are not going to have it talked about. We abhor Malthusianism, in theory, and shall we tolerate Malthus on our shelves, were he even as great as Gilbert White?

* * *

It is true that Malthus never advocated artificial limitation. It is true that in his book he frequently protests, as a clergyman, against artificial limitation; he really did abhor it. It is true that, in ignorance, we call Malthusianism that which is the opposite of Malthusianism. No matter! We have made up our minds that Malthus was the prophet of artificial limitation, and hence no publisher dares to include him in any project of reprints. An amusing situation!

* * *

I have several times endeavoured to persuade publishers to republish Malthus in a pleasing *format*, and I have never succeeded. Once I got the most learned and least prejudiced publisher in London into a restaurant and furnished him with a truly admirable dinner, and told him all about Malthus (of whom he knew nothing save that he was the prophet of artificial limitation). I thought I had at last hooked my fish. But no! You will never guess how it ended. He said: "If you can persuade Wells to write me an introduction I'll publish your Malthus." He seemed to think that introductions by Wells could be picked up in dustbins.

* * *

Now, Mr. Dent is a pearl among publishers. He has done singular and praiseworthy things. He does not make a specialty of fiction, but he was the first to publish "A Wonderful Visit." He does not make a specialty of verses, but he has published the distinguished poems and tragedies of Newman Howard. Will he republish Malthus? Or shall I have to lump him with the rest? I place before him the opportunity of being a benefactor of mankind.

* * *

Mr. John Lane has been visited with quite a Bodleyish idea in the shape of a scheme for an English translation of the complete works of Anatole France.

Many people who couldn't translate *Tu en as un œil* to save their lives will rise up and protest that Anatole France would evaporate in translation, and that all readers capable of appreciating him ought to be capable of reading him in the original. Such people are nincompoops, and lack gall. Nevertheless, I long feverishly to see how Mr. John Lane will present in English such works as "Histoire Comique" and "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pedauque," for Anatole France is exceedingly fleshly at times. It may be argued, however, that a public which stood the pyjama scenes in Mr. George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life" will support with equanimity the delicate naughtiness of the author of "The Procurator of Judæa." The editor of the projected translation—I wish him joy—is Mr. Frederic Chapman. If anyone can emerge triumphant, Mr. Chapman will. Little known by the general public, Mr. Chapman is well known among authors. He is a scholar, a bibliophile, a critic of the most fastidious taste, and an accomplished poet whose output is very small and very individual. Last and not least, he is chief literary adviser to the Bodley Head, the power behind an august throne.

* * *

I have already to-day conferred a gift on Mr. Dent. Here is another for Mr. John Lane. Anatole France leads one naturally to Renan. Mr. Lane might publish a translation of Renan's "Drames Philosophiques"—a perfect mine of beauty and wit. JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

English Local Government.*

Mr. and Mrs. Webb are in the happy position of being the only people who have any real knowledge of the local government of England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There is a considerable advantage in writing a book which no one is properly qualified to criticise. The reviewer is in the embarrassing position of having to estimate the value and accuracy of the authors' views—by comparing them with what Mr. and Mrs. Webb say in their last or next last chapter, which is suspiciously like an argument in a circle. However, on this system, it is getting easier to deal with this great work on the history of English local government: as each volume appears, Mr. and Mrs. Webb are gradually making it possible to criticise Mr. and Mrs. Webb. When the first volume was issued a short time ago, it was said that one thing at least must inevitably follow its publication: the general history of this country during the eighteenth century would have to be rewritten. It is necessary to repeat the statement, for it is now truer than before. In these two new volumes the authors have collected a mass of information concerning the history of the manors and the boroughs, which is now for the first time made accessible—at least in any digestible form. One scarcely knows whether to be more astonished by the mere multitude of the facts gathered together, or by the skill with which they are presented. The authors seem to understand, to a nicety, how much breath it needs to make the history of a corporation or a borough as engrossing as the history of a human life. Thus, a contemporary description of bull-baiting is slipped into the account given of the manorial borough of Alnwick. Strictly speaking, it was not necessary to the progress of the scientific argument; but it is just as important to get people to read science as it is to write it. So the authors explain that "horse-racing, bull-baiting, the music of the Town Waits, who were perpetually parading the borough in yellow plush breeches, blue coats, and gold lace, and, above all, the annual carnival on St. Mark's Day . . . were all provided for the entertainment of the inhabitants at the expense of the

* "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: The Manor and the Borough." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans, Green and Co. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

borough funds"; and then follows a twenty-eight line note on the bull-baiting. It may not be science, but it is art. One begins to take a personal interest in the work of the Court leet of the Savoy immediately one learns that its business included such pressing duties as the prosecution of the "proprietor of Exeter Change for keeping a tiger carelessly secured in a shed on Savoy Hill to the great alarm of the neighbours." That is a touch which convinces the reader that local government is not purely of theoretical value; the vaguest possibility of that tiger strolling down the Strand probably united the Progressives and the Moderates of the Court in an urgent demand for strong government. Mr. and Mrs. Webb have succeeded, in a quite extraordinary manner, in creating an atmosphere which gives their science the allurements of romance. The irresistible humour of the extracts taken from the diary of Thomas Powell, the Mayor of Deal, is sufficient to put this history of local administration at the top of the circulating library list—if novel readers have good taste. The Mayor explains how he took the oath of office with a stern determination; "I told them I was resolved on a reformation in Deal." It is not surprising to learn that with this weighty resolution in his mind "such an oppression and terror fell upon my spirits that I feared I should have sunk under it." He candidly admits that "several persons questioned in themselves, as they have since told me, whether I might not wholly have gone beside my senses." Then the Savonarola of Deal got to work; opening with a proclamation against tippling and trading on Sunday. Then comes the heartrending sentence, "I found the public-houses took no notice." The climax came when they sang the 75th Psalm during Divine service: "I stood up, spreading my hands, pointing round the church to some whose ill lives I knew, as well as their conversation, which this psalm most peculiarly hinted at." It is not surprising to hear that "during the following week some of my Brethren on the Bench told me they were tired . . . I replied I had begun a good work and would not abandon it."

But the culling of such passages might go on indefinitely. The interesting thing is that they are to be found between the lines, as it were, of one of the weightiest contributions to historical science which has ever been written. The research starts with the unutterable confusion of the local government system which existed in 1689; a vast number of manors and boroughs all on their own, not grouped under a Municipal Corporation Act or some other general law of communal regulations; but each going the way in which the local persons and circumstances were leading it. There was one, and only one, common feature: all these Councils were trying to solve the problem of local administration—sometimes, perhaps, it would be truer to say that they were trying to evade it. That this inquiry into these matters is not merely a piece of academic research is very obvious, when we realise that we are still engaged with the same problems of local government to-day. For the solution of our problems Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book would seem to be as indispensable a foundation as it is for understanding the problems which confronted our ancestors of the Georgian period. We can see how the difficulties were met, we can see, more often, how they were evaded. The bulk of them are as urgently pressing to-day as they were a hundred years ago. For example, the authors point out that one of the real defects in the system which faced the Commission of 1835 was the entire absence of any scientific area of government; most boundaries were ridiculously small. We have scarcely begun to state that problem to-day, let alone solve it. It is certain that to the historian of a hundred years hence our system will seem as irrational and chaotic as the system of the eighteenth century seems to us. Our local Councils are too numerous; the Guardians will soon be abolished; and the sooner the District Councils, both urban and rural, follow them the better.

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movement which culminated in the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835. It is shown that the Commissioners' Report was not based on the evidence; but was, indeed, written before the evidence was collected or examined. The Report was not based on facts, but on political sentiment. It, therefore, is clear that historians who have gone no deeper than the Report have presented to us history which is little more than idle romance. And there one finds the clue to the value of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's work: it is based on fact, not on sentiment; it therefore stands in somewhat lonely isolation in the field of historical literature.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

REVIEWS.

Some Arguments for Home Rule. By John Redmond, M.P. (Sealy, Bryers, and Walker. 6d.)

Ireland and the Home Rule Movement. By Michael F. G. McDonnell. (Maunsel and Co. 1s.)

Noblesse Oblige. An Irish Rendering. By Horace Plunkett. (Maunsel and Co. 6d.)

It is understood that the Nationalists are shortly intending to undertake a special campaign throughout English constituencies in favour of their old demand for Home Rule, and these three books about Ireland—or at least the first two of them—are apparently intended as an introduction to the subject for Englishmen. Certainly they were needed. Englishmen are notoriously careless and ignorant about their politics, even when proposed political changes concern them intimately, but of all the subjects on which they are called upon to vote, there is none about which they are so careless or so criminally ignorant as about Irish affairs.

This is no doubt partly the fault of Ireland's representatives. They have spent too much of their energy in bullying Governments and too little in bullying the English people, upon whose votes Governments depend. They have advertised themselves persistently enough inside the House of Commons, but who reads Parliamentary proceedings? There has been too little educating of the electorate, and too few cheap handbooks of the sort that will sell on Smith's bookstalls.

But here at last we have what is wanted. Mr. Redmond and Mr. McDonnell both write in the same spirit and from the same point of view—the point of view of orthodox Nationalism. Mr. Redmond's book is perhaps slightly the more readable of the two, but this is the only respect in which it is superior. It consists of a series of speeches delivered in Ireland in the autumn of last year, and "designed, though primarily addressed to the Irish people, to be, through the medium of the Press, expositions to the British public of Ireland's demand for Home Rule and the basis on which it rests." As speeches they are excellent, masterpieces indeed of clear and eloquent exposition; but they suffer from the defects and the limitations which are inevitably imposed upon a man who has to address a great public meeting, and one cannot help feeling how much finer they would be if only one could hear them delivered with the fiery passion and in the moving tones of Mr. Redmond himself.

Mr. McDonnell's is really a far more valuable book. Straightforward and well written, it is at once the most complete and the most concise statement of the Irish problem that we have seen. Religion, education, economic conditions, land, Irish finance, Irish Unionism and Irish Democracy, all these subjects are fully discussed in a historical fashion. Sinn Féin is explained and, of course, denounced as a barren and Utopian policy. Mr. McDonnell likens it to English Socialism, but points out that whereas "the English extremists have been so far successful as to secure the return of one Member of Parliament in full sympathy with their aspirations," the Irish extremists, that is the Sinn Féiners, have never yet "dared to show their faces at the hustings." This, of course, is no longer true.

In this book there is little rhetoric. The story of Ireland's wrongs and misfortunes is all the more impressive for the calm and judicial fashion in which Mr. McDonnell tells it. As an example we may quote his

description of the results which followed upon the great land consolidation movement of the fifties.

"Notices to quit," in a historic phrase, "fell like snowflakes," at a time when it was truly said that an eviction was equal to a sentence of death. In a few months whole counties, such as those of Meath and Tipperary, were converted into prairies; cabins were thrown down, fences removed, and peasants swept off; and in ten years nearly 300,000 families were evicted from their homes, and a million and a half of the population fled across the Atlantic. "I do not think," said Sir Robert Peel—and his verdict has been endorsed by the judgment of history—"I do not think that any country, civilised or uncivilised, can offer similar scenes of horror."

Sir Horace Plunkett's book, "Noblesse Oblige," is of a different sort altogether. It is an appeal to the country gentlemen to come to an understanding with the people and work with them for the salvation of Ireland. "The country gentlemen of Ireland," Sir Horace points out, "have largely ceased to be landlords; and the ground of antagonism between them and the farmers is passing away. Their interests are no longer opposed; on the contrary, the interests of both classes are the same."

As a protest against the way in which Irish landlords have neglected their duties and against absenteeism generally, the pamphlet has its good points. But as an appeal which purports to aim at nothing less than the salvation of Ireland it is so palpably and absurdly inadequate as to be almost offensive. What is the use of preaching philanthropy to Ireland now? Who can listen seriously or even courteously to a man who talks of the desirability of "itinerant entertainments of an educational character" and of the usefulness of "individual acts of neighbourliness" when a whole people are inspired with the one determination to vindicate their right to self-government? To-day Ireland is solid, all differences are being sunk until this one elementary right is gained, yet from Sir Horace Plunkett's book one would never gather that such a thing as a Home Rule party existed. We cannot recommend it to anyone.

Let us repeat, however, that the other two books deserve and should have the widest publicity. Books about Ireland do not make pleasant reading for Englishmen, but we have done our duty, and we call upon our readers to do theirs.

The Mask. Vol. I, No. 1, March. London Agent, D. J. Rider, 36, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. (1s. monthly.)

This is a new journal devoted to the Art of the Theatre, and published at 2 Lung 'Arno, Acciaiuoli, Florence. It is an artistic production from beginning to end, including the pages set apart for advertisements. This last characteristic is so unusual, except perhaps amongst some of the better class trade maga-

THE DEEPER MEANING OF THE STRUGGLE [INDIA].

By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY, D.Sc.

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BOOKS

zines, that we can heartily recommend it to the editors of art journals that they may in due season learn at least one lesson in the planning of their advertisement pages, and yet another in raising the standard of taste of their advertisers. It is ridiculous that magazines interested in the Fine and Applied Arts should exert so little influence in this matter. An art journal to-day is divided into two parts quite unrelated to each other. On the one hand there is set before us a feast of articles on painting, sculpture and the crafts, illustrated with well-placed reproductions; while, on the other hand, there are a large number of advertisements, neither well designed nor even well arranged in the page. There should be at least some artistic relation between them and the rest of the magazine. We have it at any rate in the one before us, and for that reason alone we could welcome it, but it has other qualifications for a place in the affections of the artist and craftsman. It contains fine woodcuts by Gordon Craig, the beginning of an article on "The Artists of the Theatre of the Future" by the same contributor, an article on "The Real Drama in Spain," by Edward Hutton, and an interesting chapter from the book on "Architecture," by Sebastian Serlio, Bologna. Amongst some of the other writers who will contribute to "The Mask" are Will Rothenstein, Ellen Terry, H. Wilson, Haldane McFall, C. Nicholson, and Isadora Duncan. We think the paper could be a trifle thicker with advantage, and the type increased a little in size. The leaf that fills up the line after a full stop might be used with more discrimination; its frequent repetition is apt to become irritating, but these are small blemishes in an otherwise delightful venture. We wish it success.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

OF all the month's magazines the "Albany" is the most completely topical, containing, as it does, articles on the Education Bill, the Licensing Bill, Macedonia, the House of Lords, Feminism, India—and Nietzsche. Prof. Findlay writes as an out-and-out admirer of Mr. McKenna's Education Bill, in which respect he out-McKennas McKenna. "If this Bill is rejected, it is likely enough that very little change will be attempted by Parliament for many years." But is not that an inducement rather than a threat?—The article on "The Government and Temperance Reform," by A Licensing Administrator, is similarly an apology for the Government measure, in which, however, the writer admits as "the most serious fault" the provisions as to clubs.—Edward Carpenter writes with characteristic mingling of urbanity and rusticity on the subject of "British Aristocracy and the House of Lords." His suggestions for the reform of the latter are (1) Life-peerages; (2) Peers to be created only for recognised service; (3) Limitation of Numbers. As for the present House of Lords he would allow the rank of each member to decrease one grade with each generation; an application of the principle of the Time-limit that the Chinese have already made.—The anonymous writer on "The Feminist Movement and the Birth-Rate" needs some enlightenment, since he quotes as a "noble ideal" the inhuman suggestion of Stanley Hall that the training of women "should aim to develop power of maternity in soul as well as in body."—Mr. Nevinson sums up his impressions of India in "The New Spirit in India." "It is equality that the new spirit in educated India is demanding, and we need a large 'change of heart' before we can contemplate the demand with equanimity."

The articles of special interest in the "Contemporary" are four. Mr. Beveridge discusses one of the elements of unemployment, and proposes a cure. He desires to abolish casual labour with its periodic unemployment by means of a Labour Exchange. "The rule must be established that all men who cannot be guaranteed a reasonable sufficiency of work by one employer should be engaged only from an Exchange in touch with many employers." He cites the example of the London and India Docks Company, which now do 80 per cent. of their work by regular men as against 20 per cent. in the days before the Dock Strike.—In "Modern Attacks on Christian Ethics" Mr. J. K. Mozley examines the doctrines of Nietzsche, Shaw, John Davidson, and Lowes Dickinson—a strange quartette, nevertheless, like Whitman's "square deific," "out of the one advancing."—Mr. W. T. Stead rakes out his files of the "Pall Mall Gazette" to prove Lord Cromer wrong in his treatment of the Gordon tragedy. He does it, too, with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired,—except a reply from Lord Cromer.—Col. F. N. Maude speculates on the ques-

tion. "Can Science Abolish War?" He relies, it seems, for an affirmative on three things, the new recoilless gun invented by Mr. Simpson, carrying projectiles of 2,000 lbs. from London to Paris (a pretty parcels post) at an initial velocity of 30,000 feet a second; the dirigible balloon and aeroplane; and, finally, the Anglo-Saxon behind the gun.

The "National Review" continues its rôle of Cassandra to the Empire. In addition to the bright "Episodes of the Month" Mr. L. J. Maxse prints his famous lecture delivered at Brighton on "Political Parties and National Defence." It is significant that the Labour Party comes in for no comment whatever, the "Clarion" being apparently the only Socialist organ favourable to Mr. Maxse's case. (He might add THE NEW AGE on the day he begins to talk reasonably about his subject.) "I feel sure," he says, "that if the masses of this country were once convinced that the well-to-do classes are prepared to 'play the game' (of universal military service) and to do their share, three-quarters of the present opposition to our proposals (i.e., of the National Service League) would collapse." Quite so, but what can convince them? Not Mr. Haldane's snobbish selection of officers, nor any of the examples of Pall Mall.—The episode of the German Emperor's letter to Lord Tweedmouth comes in for a good deal of belated discussion in Mr. H. W. Wilson's "The German Emperor and the British Admiralty." Mr. Garvin writes on "The Demagogues of Free Trade." "The spectacle," he says, "of democracy levying upon its food imports for a great Imperial purpose would be one of the finest examples of the moral strength of a people ever given to the world." To "moral strength" we would add "and political imbecility." If Tariff Reform wins at the next Election it will be because the Liberals are too timid to adopt a steeply graduated Income-tax.

The "Socialist Review" has only one article on a current political topic. We look in vain even in the Editorial Outlook for any mention of the Eight Hours Bill or for more than a mention of the Labour Party's "Right to Work" Bill. If anything might have been expected, articles on these subjects might surely have been. Dr. Eder writes on "Fighting a Scourge," the scourge of malaria. He affirms that Major (or Professor) Ross has demonstrated that the spread of malaria is due to mosquitoes, and hence the destruction of mosquitoes is essential to the destruction of malaria. The trifling cost, however, is the ha'porth of tar for which the ship will be sacrificed.—On the "Licensing Bill" there is a good symposium by Lief Jones, M.P., E. R. Pease, Joseph Rowntree, and Philip Snowden, M.P. Mr. Pease suggests that "the true line of temperance reform is to make drinking respectable." Mr. Rowntree sees in the time-limit a foundation for far-reaching reforms. And on the same grounds Mr. Philip Snowden thinks the Bill is one that Socialists may on the whole welcome, since it establishes a precedent by which, without compensation by, or cost to the community, a private monopoly may be transferred to the State."

Of the eighty or so pages of the valuable "International," more than a fourth are devoted to discussions and reports of religion and religions. But the most interesting article is by Maxim Gorky on "Concerning Cynicism." "As a means of defence against the forces of historical justice the bourgeois mind has chosen cynicism." "True individualism is in the future behind Socialism." Not "I," but "we," that is the beginning of the emancipation of personality.—Mr. Stead tells us, what we never doubted, that he believes in the English Sunday, though he would make it a moveable feast. To secure for all their right to 14 per cent. (24 continuous hours in the week) of their life for their own use, rest, and recreation, is an object he commends to the Labour Party.

To the "United Service Magazine" Lieutenant A. C. Dewar contributes an interesting, though technical, paper



A Woman Talked.
She talked about the beauty and cleanliness of her clothes and home—of the saving of labour, time and money—and of a genial, comforting household brightness. She was a regular user of
Hudson's Soap.

on "Invasion from a Naval Point of View"; and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edwin Collen replies to Lord Esher's strictures on the British officer. By the way, we wish the Editor would contribute a monthly "Outlook" over the United Service propagandist movement.

Mr. Winston Churchill continues his account of his African semi-adventures in the April "Strand." Nairobi, which ten years ago was sacred to lions, is now, it seems, a place where evening dress is de rigueur at dinner. We are afraid Mr. Churchill regards this as civilisation, and a model for the natives, since he says: "It is unquestionably an advantage that the East African negro should develop a taste for civilised attire." We question his "unquestionably." In view of Mr. Grogan's urbane letter (but, then, we are not East African natives), the following passage from Mr. Churchill's article is interesting: "Every white man in Nairobi is a politician; and many of them are leaders of parties" [there are only 350 whites altogether, so the parties must be almost of the dimensions of the Unionist Party]. "There are already in miniature all the elements of keen political and racial discord, all the materials for hot and acrimonious debate. The white men versus the black . . ." That's enough.

The second number of the "New Quarterly," edited by Desmond MacCarthy, is not very bright, though containing articles by Sir Oliver Lodge, Lady Ritchie, F. Warre Cornish and Mr. MacCarthy himself. Is it really necessary to be dull because you write for a quarterly? Far and away the best feature is the second instalment of extracts from the Note-books of Samuel "Erewhon" Butler. These are worth the whole magazine. Here is a versicle of a psalm:

"The righteous man will rob none but the defenceless,
Whatsoever can reckon with him he will neither plunder
nor kill;
He will steal an egg from a hen or a lamb from an ewe,
For his sheep and his hens cannot reckon with him here-
after—
They live not in any odour of defencefulness:
Therefore right is with the righteous man, and he taketh
advantage righteously,
Praising God and plundering."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes in the "Oxford and Cambridge Review" (Lent Term) on "Human Nature and the Historians." Briefly, he pleads for imagination in the absence of omniscience. "It is better," he says, "to construct history by your imagination than by your knowledge, unless it is very great knowledge." His two examples are admirable.—The Rev. James Adderley contrives to discuss Socialism even in an article on "Amateur Acting at Oxford." It is pleasant to think of Father Adderley as a "dangerous and impossible person" even in his undergraduate days.—Mr. McDonnell, of Cambridge, writes of "The Oxford Man," while Mr. Oldershaw, of Oxford, returns the compliment and writes of "The Cambridge Man." "Cambridge has of late years become democratised, Oxford has gone in the opposite direction." Yet there is a Fabian branch in each University! Mr. Oldershaw is right in supposing that "Oxford and Cambridge are very much alike, especially Oxford."

"School" for April has some useful expert discussions of the Education Bill, which is largely condemned. The illustrated article is an account of the Merchant Taylors' School. "Shakespeare in London" is an interesting itinerary of Shakespeare's haunts.

The "Occult Review" for April continues Miss Florence Farr's articles on "Symbolism." In the "Humane Review" is an article on "Bernard Shaw as Humanitarian." The writer ventures to think that G.B.S. is at the most critical point in his career. By skilfully blowing his own trumpet, Mr. Shaw has at last attracted the attention of John Bull. The question is now, What will G.B.S. do with John Bull?

DRAMA

Maud Allan Dancing.

In one of the books of W. H. Hudson ("The Crystal Age") there is drawn for us the picture of a world in the future where the whole earth is occupied by small and carefully limited clans, all in each of one blood and race, and each occupying as their dwelling the "House," which has taken centuries to build, and in which their life finds physical expression. One of these "Houses" has made of music the way to spirit and one that lives upon the border of a windy coast has elaborated the leaping of winds and waves and spray upon the sand into a dance of exquisite beauty in which its people find their supreme expression. It is of such a people,

and not of any ordinary dancers, Maud Allan reminds us.

Beauty of motion, perfect poise and control, it is these things are the supreme beauty; music or the rhythm of poetry, rippling comedy dialogue or lightning flash of revealing tragedy, these are accessory to and secondary to the vividness of motion. Only in an age of trousers and top hats, corsets and walking skirts, is it possible to elevate the drawing-room comedy or drama to-day to national importance. Maud Allan will help to dance these uglinesses out of existence, as Shaw and Ibsen help to fight them out of existence, as everything real and beautiful must push them out of existence. Maud Allan dancing is exquisite; she is the wonder and sacredness of the body, defying all the devils of the Churches; not happiness, or satisfaction, or pleasure, but joy and delight.

Dancing with most of us is so much a matter of leg motion in heated rooms, varied by visits to the refreshment-room for ices and claret cup, as to make it almost necessary to coin a new word for dancing like this at the Palace. Maud Allan's dances are a series of rhythmically modulated postures in which the arms play almost more part than the rest of the body. In the first dance, to a valse of Chopin, the arms move in a wonderful series of waves, in the second, a "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn, the whole body and the face ripple with the music in a wholly indescribable manner.

One is always told of Eastern dances beautiful past description, one has got hints here and there of dances in the surf of the South Sea Islands in which the joy of life finds unchecked expression. I have seen fantastic gnome-like measures of the Bushmen in South Africa, and seen the Kaffir modifications of their fantasy, but these are the primitive things of primitive folk. The movement is monotonous; there is no art and little self-expression. I suspect very much the same of the dances of the East and the South Seas. And yet with all of us movement is so obviously the foremost means of inter-communication as to make it more necessary for us to have fully developed this art than for simpler peoples. We have more to express. We need, therefore, more ways of saying it.

It is no doubt part of the general puritanic restriction of life that has brought our slums and suburbs into being, that has also repressed the art of bodily expression. Any ugly garments are respectable so long as they hide the body. The apotheosis of respectability is in fact the apotheosis of ugliness in the black coat, trousers, and square hat of deacondom. That the Palace is crowded nightly to see Maud Allan dancing is therefore a very respectable symbol of revolt against this repression. And Maud Allan has set out to capture archdeacons and bishops!

"Music," says Nietzsche, "sets the spirit free." All perfect balance, poise, and rhythm do the same. Thoughts of the study are not so good as thoughts walking in the open-air. Thoughts that come with motor-cars and with galloping, sure-footed horses are finer still. But now we are obsessed in the drama and in literature with thoughts of the study because we have not yet developed the art of dancing, which would enable us to give thoughts of more rapid flowing blood expression.

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Chiefly, of course, this applies to the drama, from which art dancing has never been divorced though very often separated. Ask your modern actor to reproduce the delight of a gallop on horseback, and he will so far shrink away from any attempt to do so, as to take a living and rather tame horse on to the stage and show that it is really alive. This Mr. Maude did recently in "The O'Grindles"; the idea that that very graceful person, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, could so pose and dance as to make the sense of horseriding real, not having been vouchsafed to him. One hopes Maud Allan dancing will do away with this.

One hopes indeed a good deal from this dancing. Its success is in another way as sure a sign of dramatic revival as the Vedrenne-Barker management. The dancer in Greek dress, slipping barefooted from behind great velvet curtains, to dance upon the sand floor, is a challenge as direct to all the present world as was "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and the challenge is more essential. Shaw argues, Maud Allan confutes. The dance to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" was so simply beautiful as to lose the sense of art altogether, yet every step, every light gesture, must have been thought over, constructed and reconstructed again and again.

Art which is great is great not only in actual achievement but in suggestion. All great art sets the spirit free because it opens doors of undreamed of and unexplored regions of the spirit. When Maud Allan in "Salome" stands on the palace steps before descending to her dance, it is as though even in her simple pose she showed regions beyond her. Every mystery of motion is, in the unravelling, the key to splendours and possibilities. One has thought of dancing as a means of expression rather hopelessly. So much modern dancing is mere hot and stuffy exercise. And suddenly Maud Allan, with her waving arms, her rippling body, her bare glittering feet—and dancing is a new thing. It is alive, beautiful, capable of interpreting every various aspect of the life of man. L. HADEN GUEST.

ART.

Now that the scaffolding has been removed from the front of the new Victoria and Albert Museum, it is possible to form an opinion upon its merits as an addition to the architecture of London. The first point that strikes me is that from whatever direction the building is approached, one never gets an impression of unity. In this connection the unusual planning of the front towards Cromwell Road has been fatal, as it separates the wings from the middle block. Looked at from the near side of Thurloe Square, this unfortunate defect is accentuated by the domed pavilions, which might quite easily be thought to belong to another building. This is even more noticeable if first seen from the far end of the Square on the side which looks towards the principal entrance. Standing there, the middle portion, with the tower rising above, is not unimpressive, but as one walks towards Cromwell Road and the left hand wing comes more directly into the line of vision, it is disconcerting to feel that these side wings do not contribute to, but, on the contrary, detract from, the effect of the massive central tower. The strong band of colour in the form of a deep brick frieze introduced between the top windows and the corner, but stopping dead against the middle block, divides the building vertically into two parts without any apparent reason. This strange and illogical cutting up of the structure occurs again and again, both vertically and horizontally, neither treatment dominating the other. The result is disastrous to any monumental effect, as the eye is continually being irritated by opposing effects.

It will not be for the lack of my gentle reminder if the authorities responsible for our national collection at South Kensington do not achieve a more ideal arrangement in the new galleries than was possible in the old building. As most visitors know, it is crowded, and many of the objects are in positions which prevent their being seen properly. A better classification, also, is

needed. I take it that a museum is for the use and education of the general public, and the practical purpose of influencing our national Arts and Crafts. Designers who go there to study the best traditions in design are unable (except under untoward circumstances) to gather any clear and connected notion of the best work that has been done in the past and the present. To take but one branch, that of English furniture. The pieces are scattered and placed about the museum at random. It is not so long ago that Mr. R. S. Clayton, writing in the "Burlington Magazine," drew attention to this, and to the small number of eighteenth century pieces of furniture, and these, as he pointed out, not particularly representative and brought together without sequence or purpose. I hope that with the increase of accommodation something will be done to remedy this defect, and that steps will be taken to make it more representative. To the modern furniture by Bruce-Talbert, Wm. Morris, and Borges at present in the Bethnal Green Museum should be added examples by George Jack, S. Barnsley, E. L. Lutyens, W. R. Lethaby, C. Spooner, Ambrose Heal, jun., A. J. Penty, and E. W. Gimson.

A few pieces of furniture by the last-named artist are to be seen at the Artificers' Guild, 9, Maddox Street. The chest as a stand in English walnut, inlaid with a darker walnut and cherry wood, is one of the finest examples of modern craftsmanship and design that I have seen. It is a joy to think that there is living to-day a craftsman and artist who can use his materials and handle his tools with the cunning and magic of the best mediæval and early renaissance workmen. In workmanship it is exceptional, and the design for the inlaid foliage and flowers on the front of the chest beautifully spaced. The colour, too, is pleasant and harmonious, and the inlay never unduly assertive. This is only one example of many almost equally fine. I refer especially to this piece of furniture in the sure and certain belief that some day it will be seen in our national collection alongside other modern examples.

In the discussion circling round the proposed Shakespeare Memorial, the claims for a National Theatre have been set against those for a statue. But why not a National Theatre designed with a view to statuary as part of the building? Is it impossible for us as a nation to think of the two Arts—Architecture and Sculpture—in intimate relation? I would suggest that here is an opportunity in which the sculpture might be an integral part of the structure, or at any rate, if we are to have a statue, it should be designed strictly in relation to the theatre, so that the two may form an impressive monumental conception. I throw out this idea to whomsoever it may concern as a way of settling the rival claims and as being the only right solution of the problem. One may add that there is no reason why Shakespeare should grace the facade in solitary splendour. Let the other great dramatists, both ancient and modern, keep him company.

As the Handicraft Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries happens to be a flagrantly typical example, and is held under aristocratic and distinguished patronage, it will be worth while to inquire into the reasons for its failure



and how these displays up and down the country might be turned into successes. It would be unfair to say that nothing on view was worthy of commendation. For instance, the exhibits of the Chudleigh School of Devonshire lace were quite beautiful, and here and there amid the mass of mediocre objects I occasionally came across a pleasing and interesting exhibit; one might liken it to a rare flower blooming on a dust heap. But taken altogether, there was a fairly level display of incompetence, one thing being almost as bad as another. An enterprising exhibitor was good enough to draw my attention to an inlaid panel of sportive ducks attached to a clothes line. There is probably some symbolism here that has escaped me. Another kind lady—indeed they were all kind—took me aside and asked me in a confidential tone whether I would like to look at the stained wood. Gently but firmly I replied No, and withdrew, a little awkwardly perhaps, as I had the misfortune to fall over some weird baskets made by disabled soldiers and sailors. Some of these baskets, oddly enough, were quite suitable for their purpose. After passing through the galleries it was borne in on me that there must be something radically wrong in the teaching at these guilds of "crippled children," disabled soldiers and sailors, and "poor brave things." The conditions under which they work are probably better than fall to the lot of the ordinary workman, and the opportunities for making beautiful things more favourable than in a modern factory. The mistake, then, appears to be in the choice of teachers and the lack of any recognised standard of quality and beauty. The admirable work of the Chudleigh School to which I have referred shows what may be done if an industry starts with a respect for traditional methods of craftsmanship, encouraged by the exercise of copying fine old examples and designing in the spirit of "making one thing like another—with a difference."

* * *

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., whose cabinet pictures and etchings are on view at the Fine-Art Society, Bond Street, stands almost alone among living painters in his grasp of the underlying unity of the Arts and Crafts. Like many of the painters of the Renaissance in Italy, his environment was that of the workshop. For a considerable time he was engaged, says Mr. Little, in enlarging designs and making facsimiles of Flemish tapestry in the workshops of William Morris, and during his boyhood his father worked at the making of church embroideries. In the cabinet pictures, etchings, and the two large panels on show the influence and traces of his training are to be seen in the broad handling of the artist's colour schemes, his wonderful sense of design, and an architectural quality which interpenetrates the most vivid and brilliant of his designs for mural decoration. It is especially characteristic of the two large panels and in the sketch for the panel at Skinners' Hall.

LLEWELLYN MORRIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

MR. MALLOCK REPLIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The courteous manner in which you have drawn my attention to the "challenge" to myself which has appeared recently in your columns, is such as to demand on my part the corresponding courtesy of an acknowledgment. For a reason, however, on which your critic himself insists, it must be brief. Your critic rightly observes that the various points raised by him cannot be dealt with adequately in any mere casual discussion. The object therefore of my own few remarks will be to suggest, rather than to give replies.

Most of his criticisms, as he himself admits, are incidental; the last alone, in his opinion, going to the root of the matter. I will glance at the former first, and then say something about the last.

The former consist of assertions that there are many aspects of the question with regard to which I have said nothing. If

your critic had read my preface, he would have seen that I have dwelt on this fact myself in language even more pointed than his own. In the preface to the American edition I dwelt upon it at still greater length. I have also given the reasons for the limitations imposed by me on the present volume. I will here cite an example. The most important of the omissions with which your critic taxes me is my omission to give a formulated theory of "value." If he were familiar with my previous writings, he would have known that I have dealt with this particular question elsewhere; but I forebore from introducing it into the present volume because, though the facts which underlie exchange value would be fundamentally the same under a régime of Socialism as they are under the present system, they would present themselves under another form. In any case, the root fact lies in the mechanism of production, or the relation between the amount of desired commodities produced in any community, and the different forms and grades of human effort which directly or indirectly are required to produce them. The subject of my book is this human mechanism of production. Should it appear to me that many readers felt that a chapter dealing formally with the question of exchange value was desirable, I should be very glad to introduce it. With regard to what he says about salaried officials, I must content myself with observing that, in my judgment, he, in common with all other Socialistic writers, sees their position in a wholly false perspective, entirely leaving out of sight the initial creative forces to which great industrial organisations, methods, etc., are due. This is one of the points which I specially had in mind when I said in my preface that most of the various problems with which I dealt would require, were it to be treated fully, not a chapter but a monograph.

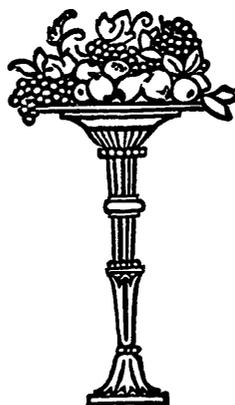
I will now pass on to what your critic puts forward as his fundamental objection to my argument taken as a whole—that I ignore, so he says, the fact that production is at any given moment a social or evolutionary, not an individual, product. If your critic had read me with greater care he would have seen that, in one of my chapters, this precise contention is very minutely criticised, and is illustrated by reference to Herbert Spencer's contention that Shakespeare's plays are social and evolutionary products. I pointed out that, though this is perfectly true, indeed is a truism from a certain point of view, it is a truism which has no bearing on the practical issues raised by the theories of Socialism. But if your critic is not content with what I have said in the present volume, I may refer him to my previous work "Aristocracy and Evolution." Book I. of that work is entirely devoted to a discussion of this precise point. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was very indignant with me on account of my attributing to him (as, I think, quite justly) certain grave inconsistencies of thought, declared that, as to my own positive conclusions, he altogether agreed with me.

I can only add, by way of summary, that all the points which your critic suggests that I ignore, or have failed to perceive, together with the criticisms which he finds on my suggested ignorance, are intimately familiar to me; and if I briefly say that of these criticisms, though perfectly legitimate, not one touches the positions set forth by myself, he must attribute my bluntness to lack, not of courtesy, but of time and space.

W. H. MALLOCK.

P.S.—From my own point of view criticisms, such as those urged in your columns, are extremely valuable, not because they tend to fortify the Socialistic position, but because they throw light on the mental processes which enable many thoughtful and cultivated men to accept Socialism as a practicable social scheme.

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A CHALLENGE TO MR. H. G. WELLS.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The following paragraph forms part of an article contributed to THE NEW AGE of January 11th last by Mr. H. G. Wells:—

"I bought on a bookstall the other day a pamphlet full of misrepresentation and bad argument against Socialism by an Australian Jew, published by the Single-Tax people, apparently in a disinterested attempt to free the land from the landowner by the simple expedient of abusing anyone else who wanted to do as much, but did not hold Henry George to be God and Lord."

I request that you will be good enough to allow me to make the following reply, as I am informed that I am "the Australian Jew" referred to, and the pamphlet, "An Exposure of Socialism," is by me.

Mere accusations, without any attempt at proof, of "misrepresentation" or "abuse," or even "bad argument," may be made honestly or dishonestly. The honest writer usually supports his statement by quotations; dishonest writers, of course, prefer the other course. Whether an argument is bad or good may be a matter of individual judgment—not infrequently biased. But whether a publication is "full of misrepresentation," and whether it adopts "the simple expedient of abusing anyone else," are matters of fact and not of opinion. On these statements I challenge Mr. Wells, and request him to furnish me with one or more examples both of the "misrepresentations" and "abuse" to which he refers.

MAX HIRSCH.

* * *

MR. GROGAN AND NAIROBI.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As a constant and affectionate reader of your pleasing abstractions, I really must protest against the unmerited distinctions which you confer upon me in your issue of March 28th.

I assure you, I am a very ordinary person with a growing family of daughters, a Catholic theory of equity, and a positive passion for raising exotic plants on tropical highlands. Being myself, however, no tyro in the gentle art of abstraction, I must confess to some difficulty in reconciling some of your applications of abstract deductions to concrete issues. Why, for instance, should an attempt by East African settlers to secure some voice in the spending of the revenues to which they contribute be called "impertinence" while similar attempts by the inhabitants of India strain the limits of your eulogistic vocabulary?

Why, again, is Mr. Churchill to be "congratulated" on account of the imprisonment without proper trial and refusal of bail to Britishers who have taken drastic steps to protect their womenfolk, while Lord Cromer is to be vilified on account of the alleged improper trial of Egyptians who have taken still more drastic steps to protect their pigeons?

May I suggest that a very accurate knowledge of the facts is advisable before the abstraction can be safely mated with the concrete?

EWART S. GROGAN.

[The analogy suggested by Mr. Grogan is absolutely without foundation if applied to the incident we referred to. As for the Nairobi Flogging case, in which Mr. Grogan took an unenviable part, our sources of information were, first, eye-witnesses, and, secondly, the East African papers. We refer our readers to the full account, published in THE NEW AGE, June 20th.]

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SOCIALISM AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your issue of March 28 contains three reviews attacking my profession. Why do you do it? Many doctors have Socialist leanings. We are brought, more than any other educated class, into direct contact with the results of social anarchy; we all work for our living; many of us are poor, and some even sweated.

Then why are not more of us Socialists? Many, I doubt not, have not the courage to face the inevitable financial loss that would follow a declaration of faith; but many are choked off by your attitude. I dare not ask a colleague to read your journal, nor, I fear, any other Socialist paper. He would judge your worth by your attitude on one subject he knows something about.

Nor have you much of value to say or suggest. Only one paragraph is helpful. Leffingwell shows that the English medical papers first suggested legal restriction of vivisection and asks why the pendulum has swung round. He answers that it is because there is money in vivisection. (If he gave us the amount of his "large sums that are paid annually" we should perhaps find the

purchase price of the medical papers and profession so low that a well-to-do Socialist might buy them up and use the lot as propagandists.) The true reason is probably the same which makes many shy of Socialism; a medical anti-vivisectionist, like a medical Socialist, would find himself in the company of persistent libellers of his fellows.

Dr. Eder should know better than to father the opinions of Rentoul upon the profession. Dr. Eder knows that if doctors were "always in the van where compulsion, fines, and imprisonment are to be imposed" many a woman would be on trial whose secret is now in the safe keeping of a doctor.

But your worst effort is in the review of "Confessio Medici." "Examine . . . the philosophical bases of the sciences in which you are instructed." What can this mean?

The bases, philosophical or unphilosophical, of medical sciences are just ordinary observations of cause and effect, subject to the same rules, the same methods of thought, and the same imperfections that characterise all rational human effort.

Next: "It is usually on the first few pages of your textbook that admissions are heedlessly made and accepted which involve a lifetime's acquiescence in palpable absurdities." Well, Mr. Reviewer, let us have them.

Then the most futile insult of all: "The usual doctor knows scarce anything of any art, not even of his own. The share market, golf, and the cricket scores suffice him for the daily round, the common task." What good can it do to your paper, your readers, your objects, or anything or anybody to print that?

A LONDON GRADUATE.

[For our reviewer's reply see article in our next issue by Dr. M. D. Eder: "Socialism and the Medical Profession."—Ed.]

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